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MEMORIALS
OF
SAMUEL GURNEY.

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MEMORIALS

OF

SAMUEL GURNEY.

Yours sincerely

Samuel Gurney

MEMORIALS

OF

SAMUEL GURNEY.

BY

MRS. THOMAS GELDART.

LONDON:

W. AND F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

DUBLIN: HODGES AND SMITH.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES.

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INTRODUCTION.

In offering to the world a memorial, however slight, of one whose name is publicly known and honoured, an Editor should be less anxious for credit to himself in the performance of the task, than that the subject may not suffer by biographical handling.

It is, therefore, not without some sense of the incompleteness of this little volume as a sketch, and its failure as an entire picture, of Samuel Gurney, that the following pages are sent forth.

The difficulty in their compilation has not been small, and has arisen less from the scarcity of material and illustrations of the history of his long and active life, than from the fact of their being so intimately connected with those members of his family whose lives have been long before the public, that it has been deemed undesirable and needless by his friends to enter afresh on their detail, and to swell the family biographies by any volume of size or pretension. Little, therefore, was left to the work of compiling; there were few letters, and no journal from which to select. The former, while possessing much interest to those to whom they were addressed, and evidencing his characteristic kindly feeling and good sense, were not specimens of epistolary power. Samuel

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Gurney was no writer, even on common subjects. And, as regards his commercial history, it will doubtless excite neither surprise nor regret, that a *female* hand has forborne an attempt, which must have been fruitless, to narrate with anything like particularity the course of a London bill broker.

Yet, with all its deficiencies and imperfections, the little narrative will not, it is believed, be without its use; for it is a story of true heroism. The bold stand which, from early manhood, Samuel Gurney was enabled to make against the giant forces of self, of worldliness, and of avarice; and the fact that he attained a dignity of which many a laurel-crowned man has fallen short—that of a hero *at home*—best honoured and most profoundly mourned where best known,—is an instructive lesson to all.

And, imperfect and incomplete as may be the list of his acts of benevolence, or of his social and domestic virtues, who can doubt but that every sorrow he has soothed, all the penury he has relieved, the great tide of evil which he set himself to stem, the freedom for which he has lifted up his voice, the oppression he has lightened, the moral courage he has shown in many a deed which the world noted not, has a place in that page where the recording angel never fails to mark the cup of cold water given for the Saviour's sake, and for the love of Him?

H. R. Geldart.

Altrincham, Manchester,
May, 1857.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Introduction—Birth and Childhood—Traits of Boyish Character—School Life—Enters on his Business Education—St. Mildred's Court—Ambleside—Apprenticeship—Marriage—Ham House 1

CHAPTER II.

The Rise and Progress of the Lombard Street Firm—Money Dealings—Birth of a Son—Letter—Death of Mr. Gurney of Earlham—Journey on the Continent—Letter—Priscilla Gurney's Death 17

CHAPTER III.

The Panic of 1825-26—The House at Upton—Trials—Fraternal Affection—Theory and Practice—A Case of Forgery—Justice—Moral Heroism—Letter 28

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Gurney's Character as a Man of Business—Extracts from his Letters, &c.—Sympathy with Philanthropic Efforts—His Public Speaking—Speech at the London Tavern 42

CHAPTER V.

Changes—Dinner to the Officers of the Niger Expedition at Ham House—Family Love—Kindness to Children—Visit to Tunbridge Wells—The Queen Dowager and Mr. Gurney 57

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE.

Tour to Ireland—Extracts from Mr. Gurney's Letters—Letter from Mrs. Opie—Anecdote—Love of Union—Bible Society Jubilee, &c. 73

CHAPTER VII.

The Infant Colony of Liberia—Mr. Gurney's Interest in the Subject—Letter from President Roberts—Mr. Gurney's Letter—Efforts for Religious Liberty, &c. ... 89

CHAPTER VIII.

Failing Health of Mr. Gurney—Peace Principles—Picture of Upton—Preparations for Departure—Extracts from Letters—Departure—Journey—Arrival at Nice—Letters to Friends, etc. 102

CHAPTER IX.

Residence at Nice—Delight in the Beauties of Nature—Habit of Activity—Efforts to do Good—Accident to his Carriage—Departure—Homeward Journey—Detention at Lyons—Arrival at Paris—Closing Scene ... 122

CHAPTER X.

Funeral at Barking—Extracts from Letters 140

Appendix 151

MEMORIALS

OF

SAMUEL GURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION — BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD — TRAITS OF BOYISH CHARACTER—SCHOOL LIFE—ENTERS ON HIS BUSINESS EDUCATION—ST. MILDRED'S COURT—AMBLESIDE—APPRENTICESHIP—MARRIAGE—HAM HOUSE.

A GOOD name is truly a good inheritance in the contemplation of which we delight, whether it be one of a long line of noble ancestry, or to be traced but a little way on the scroll of time; whether we find it among the descendants of those Norman lords, whose brasses and effigies mark their resting-places within cathedral walls, or see it rudely carved on the moss-covered stone of the village churchyard.

No thing of mere inheritance this, however; no

possession of inalienable security. It is a treasure which needs vigilance to preserve, and a careful hand to keep from the tarnish of the world's contact —a tarnish which, alas, is more easily contracted than obliterated!

There is a pleasant, kindly association with the name owned by the subject of this little sketch; its sound calling up pictures of moral and spiritual beauty, holy, gentle, and enduring memories of true heroism and noble-hearted philanthropy, shedding greater lustre than ever shone on the pathway of Norman or Plantagenet; for on such a name the voice of inspiration itself has deigned to breathe the hallowed benediction, "The memory of the just is blessed."

John Gurney, or Gournay, of Norwich, descended from an ancient house who had settled in Norfolk at an early period in our country's history, was a merchant of good repute in that city, and the immediate ancestor of the present family. He embraced the tenets of the Society of Friends, first introduced during his lifetime by George Fox, the founder. John Gurney's descendant, named also John, married, in the year 1775, Catherine, daughter of John Bell, a London merchant; she being the granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the well-known apologist of the Quakers, and sister of the talented authoress Priscilla Wakefield.

He lived for some years of his married life at the little village of Bramerton, near Norwich; but

removed in the year 1780 to Earlham Hall, a residence still nearer the city; a place so familiar to all who are acquainted with the memoirs already published of other members of the family, that it needs little notice in the present sketch. Here it was, in this old English mansion, that Samuel Gurney first saw light, on the 18th of October, 1786. He was the second son and ninth child of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney's large family of eleven, and is described by his sister, the present Dowager Lady Buxton, who gives a pleasant picture of his early days, as a most loveable and loving boy.

He had good health; but, owing to some trifling malady, was repeatedly sent to the sea-side with herself, under the care of a nurse. "He was," Lady Buxton relates, "a manly independent boy, full of play, and remarkable for his activity and good nature, and fond of going about with the sailors and watching their employments on the shore." The fact of his immediate predecessors and natural companions having been girls does not appear to have had any influence in directing his amusements and pursuits, which were eminently of a boyish character. He would often be found absorbed in the business of the carpenter's shop, watching with untiring interest the saw and the plane, whilst his younger brother Joseph was busy at his books, or making verses, as was his wont in childhood, who, according to his own account in his published autobiography, describes himself as averse to pursuits of a hardy

order, and fonder of reading and quietly sitting with his elder sisters than joining his brother Samuel in manly games, following the men about the farm, or riding the team to the hay-field.

In later life Samuel Gurney would often relate with much amusement a piece of childish fun in which he indulged, when he used to give sixpences to a half-witted boy on the premises, to stand at the further end of the lawn as a mark for him to shoot at in his favorite practice of archery. So, likewise, when his uncle Joseph Gurney, of Lakenham Grove, offered him and his brother Joseph the choice of a gift, he showed his difference of taste from his companion by selecting a trap, bat and ball, for a present; whilst the younger rejoiced in the possession of a Noah's ark.

His brother-in-law Mr. Fry notices a little incident in his early life, very characteristic of his independence of spirit:—

"He was," Mr. Fry writes, "manly, frank, and courageous, and, as such boys usually are, at the same time gentle and kind-hearted; but, although easy to be entreated or persuaded, he was nevertheless capable of considerable firmness and decision, and was sure to manifest a suitable sense of wrong in case of anything unjust or unreasonable.

"I remember hearing that, when about eleven or twelve years of age, his father on one occasion took him to task rather too strongly, and gave orders as a punishment that he should be sent to bed before his usual time. However, at a much earlier hour than was prescribed,

Samuel, on being enquired for, was nowhere to be found, until, after much searching, he was discovered in bed; and, on being questioned as to the cause of his early retirement, declared he had gone to bed from preference, as there was no place he liked so well."

All who know Earlham will readily imagine how free and joyous child-life must have been there, as only country life perhaps can be: but the cloud of motherlessness early overshadowed the pleasant picture, for in the year 1792 Mr. Gurney was left a widower, when the eldest of his eleven children was scarcely seventeen, and the youngest but two years of age. Very heavily must this loss have fallen on all; but its reality, if not the full sense of it, yet more so on the younger than the elder children, who had longer been permitted to enjoy the privilege of a tender and judicious mother's counsel and guidance. She was a good mother, with an intellect of no common order, and her influence over her family a most happy one. Her mantle seemed to have fallen on the elder daughter, Catherine, who was marvellously assisted in the arduous work of training her younger brothers and sisters, by wisdom, we may believe, not her own. She had, as we well remember, a happy union of firmness and kindness in dealing with the young mind, an excellent judgment, which ever commended itself to children; and the motherless ones at Earlham, even to the time of grey hairs, always regarded their sister

Catherine with a mixture of filial reverence and fraternal love.

At seven years of age the removal of Samuel Gurney from home to school took place—a matter of less surprise than regret; but it is possible that the restless spirit of a healthy, active lad, so fond of the farm and the carpenter's shop, of bat and ball and archery, may occasionally have clashed with the more sober and intellectual pursuits of the seven sisters. Still, one can scarcely refrain from pitying the little lad as we picture him driving with those sisters, who all accompanied him a short stage on his journey, leaving the park gates of his beloved home. He was surely old enough to have cast many a longing lingering look behind him, and, but that children seldom think sorrowfully on the future, which has something charming in its uncertainty, the farewell must have been not a little mournful. Arrived at Eaton, a village about two miles from Earlham on the London road, they found that the mail coach which they were to have met had already passed, and were, therefore, obliged to drive hard to overtake it, when the child was put quite alone into the rumbling vehicle, and the little traveller was on his way to London. The roads were not so faultless then as in the present day; the coach was noisy and rumbling; and if the boy did not sleep, his night-thoughts, as he crossed the bleak waste of Newmarket Heath, could scarcely have been enviable. All such little disagreeables may be considerably exaggerated to us in these more luxurious

times, however, and doubtless both father and sisters knew the character with which they had to deal, and trusted that the bold, fearless child, would not shrink from worse trials than a solitary journey in a stage coach from Norwich to London.

This, then, was the early launch on life of Samuel Gurney. Self-reliance was no lately learned lesson with him, and it may be that the step was, under the circumstances, a wise one. But the advantages of the school were not first-rate, and the contrast between his life at Wandsworth and Earlham was not favourable to the former. Here, however, he remained for some time—how long does not appear—until he joined his younger brothers, who were enjoying superior educational advantages under the care of the Rev. Henry Browne, at Hingham, in Norfolk. He was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Parr, an excellent man and a good scholar, grounding well in the classics and other parts of literature, and caring for the boys in every respect. Mr. Gurney, in thus sending his sons for education to a clergyman of the Established Church, did not greatly advance their prospects in Quakerism; but, although a member of the Society of Friends, and brought up in their principles, he was by no means a strict Quaker, and his constant association, both in business and otherwise, with good and intelligent people of other persuasions, made him perhaps less observant than many, of their peculiarities. However, he provided against the necessity of their accompanying their tutor to church, by

arranging with a farmer, a member of the Wymondham Meeting, to receive the three brothers at his house on the Sunday, and to convey them there in his cart. Wymondham being within seven miles of Earlham, an opportunity occasionally offered for short meetings between the brothers and sisters ; but once two of the more enterprising of the young ladies walked the whole way to Hingham, a distance of twelve miles, and back, to enjoy a glimpse of the boys—an amount of energy and a degree of sisterly zeal which it is impossible not to admire.

Under Mr. Browne's care and tuition the boys all prospered ; but Joseph was already far in advance of his brother Samuel in Latin and Greek, and his father thinking that, at the age of fourteen, he perceived no literary taste or fondness for study in his elder boy, removed him from school, and determined to place him in a situation where he would learn the details of London business. Such a removal seems premature. Many a lad of considerable talent and force of character has scarcely conquered the drudgery of his initiatory studies before the age of fourteen, and is perhaps then only beginning to acquire the sweets of learning. There are many causes in a strong, healthy, active lad, of sound physical constitution, to counteract the full development of the intellectual powers until the superfluous energy of boyhood shall have been permitted to run off, and we can therefore scarcely judge what Samuel Gurney might have been in after life, as a literary man, had he been

permitted to devote himself a little longer to the pursuit of study. He was gifted with strong natural good sense and clearness of perception, and was by no means deficient in general and extensive information, which he always turned to the best account. He was well read in history, and had more taste for reading than persons who knew his subsequent interest in commercial subjects commonly imagined.

The school life was over, however, and the introduction to his business career was at hand. An opening occurred at this time which was extremely favourable to the youth at this important stage of his life's journey, of which his father gladly availed himself. One of the elder daughters had three years previously been united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Fry of London, who, with his brother, was engaged in carrying on a bank, as well as an extensive business in the tea trade; and, according to a practice then usual in commercial houses, Samuel Gurney was apprenticed to his brother-in-law as a member of the Clothworkers' Company, and received his first lessons in business in the house in St. Mildred's Court, Poultry. Mr. John Gurney, who had up to the date of which we write (1803) been engaged as a wool-stapler and spinner of worsted yarn, was now admitted as a partner by his cousin Bartlett Gurney, into the Norwich Bank, with his brothers Joseph and Richard. This bank had been established in 1770, by Henry Gurney, and was subsequently carried on by his son Bartlett. It was,

therefore, very important that the young men of the family should be educated in an intimate acquaintance with monetary and commercial transactions, which consideration possibly had some share in this premature removal from school. It was in the book-keeping department and in the money affairs of the house that he was principally employed, and into these he entered with the same heartiness and whole-mindedness which characterised all he did, and which constituted his success in after life. Very frequently has he, in conversation with Mr. Fry, expressed his sense of the great advantages he derived from the excellent business training in St. Mildred's Court, and his belief that much of his succeeding prosperity was due to this his first start in life.

But there were other and more substantial advantages provided for him in an arrangement, which enabled him to enjoy the watchful care and prayerful solicitude of his sister Mrs. Fry, by which means the temptations and dangers of a London life were guarded against, and the value of such a home at this critical period of youth can scarcely be over-estimated.

On this subject Lady Buxton remarks—

"The serious and precious spirit of this sister no doubt had an invaluable effect on his mind, and he was uniformly steady and of good and wise conduct, most regular in every duty, and preserved from the temptations of youth; for, although he would with great spirit enter into pleasanter and lighter pursuits, his charac-

teristic was that of sober perseverance in his duties. He was most regular and conscientious in these, never, for instance, voluntarily staying at home from a place of worship."

Previous to the year 1802, an intimate friendship had been formed between some members of his family —especially his eldest brother John—and Thomas Fowell Buxton of Earl's Colne, in Essex; an intimacy which was afterwards more entirely cemented by the marriage of Mr. Buxton to the fourth daughter of Mr. Gurney in the year 1807. A large cheerful party of the Gurneys being formed to visit the lakes of England and Scotland, Samuel Gurney was invited to join them, and he and Mr. Buxton were located in a lodging at Ambleside, under the supervision of their drawing master, the late John Crome.

Here they amused themselves and the sisters with various sports; but we do not hear of any feats in the sketching line on the part of either of the youths, although a masquerading frolic is recorded, when the future Lombard Street banker, and the embryo statesman and philanthropist, appeared one day successfully disguised as poor widows, and entreated charity of the Miss Gurneys for themselves and their numerous children. There was, moreover, abundance of shooting and boating, and altogether we can imagine the time to have passed merrily enough at Ambleside and Keswick. But this desultory kind of life did not suit Samuel Gurney. He

was not cut out for a man of pleasure or an idle country gentleman, and, even at this early age, he appears to have grown heartily tired of his relaxation, and to have longed to return to the books and the counting-house in the tall, dull, city mansion of St. Mildred's Court.

The following extracts, from a little sketch kindly furnished by Miss Fry, will perhaps be more interesting than any formal account of his youth, between the years 1803 and 1808 :—

"He took to business and liked it; in the counting-house, as well as in domestic life, he was extremely amiable and cheerful, and was liked and beloved by the whole establishment.

"When at work he was thoroughly industrious, although no one more enjoyed to break off from it for a drive into the country with my father, or to get up a game at cricket in the fields at Plashet;* yet in the evening, on returning to town, he would cheerfully go down after supper into the counting-house and call over the books for an hour or two. He was popular everywhere, and the family were seldom invited to any friend's house without being requested to bring Samuel Gurney with them.

"My father bears another highly honourable testimony to him: that during all his knowledge of him in youth, manhood, and age, he never remembers to have heard an improper word from his lips, or an expression that he would wish recalled; nor does he ever recollect detecting or suspecting him of an untruth. He was candid, manly, virtuous.

* The residence of Mrs. Fry's father.

"The first occasion on which I find him named in my mother's journal as resident at St. Mildred's Court, is November 26th, 1802, when she regrets having contradicted my father before Sam, 'which was a pity, and not right.' After this his name frequently occurs as one of the home circle.

"In February, 1803, he was unwell with a cough, which made her anxious, and she accompanied him on a visit to Plashet for change of air, when Dr. Willan was called in, who thought more seriously of it than she had done.

"Although not brought up in strict conformity to the costume or speech of the Society of Friends, he shewed no propensity to follow fashions or gaiety of appearance, beyond a respectable and suitable neatness in his attire. He was, in other words, superior to the follies and frivolities so prevalent with young men of the world."

It was probably at this time that he first saw the object of his affections,—a delicate, fair-haired girl, the daughter of a Friend in the neighbourhood of Plashet. Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, her father and mother, at that time occupied Ham House, the property in former times of the celebrated Dr. Fothergill, who expended considerable labour on the grounds, and the remains of whose botanical garden—one of the earliest efforts of the kind in our country—yet exist at Upton.*

* There seems a parallel between the characters of Dr. Fothergill and Samuel Gurney, the two principal occupants of Ham House worthy of note.

The physician is described as being of a marvellously genial and

This pleasant residence it was which became in after years so endeared to Samuel Gurney and his family, and the home where, with the exception of one year, he passed his married life.

Of his affection for Elizabeth Sheppard, a member of his family writes:—

"He was charming in his attachment and exceedingly in love with her, being almost afraid to look at or be near her. She was an uncommonly pretty girl, and showed a very tender, serious spirit, which was extremely winning. I did not see the progress of his attachment, which existed I forget how long, probably two or three years, in secret."

Perhaps there is no circumstance of early manhood which gives a greater colour to the after history than the choice of a wife, and Solomon surely intended a

benevolent disposition, fond of giving, and sure to give delicately. He, as well as his successor at Upton, was devoted to his calling, not so much for the remuneration of the profession, as from true love of the art.

Nothing hurt Fothergill's feelings so much as an estimate of the medical profession formed upon lucrative advantages. "My wish is," he said, "to banish all thoughts of practising physic as a money-getting trade;" and a similar view of Mr. Gurney's character as a commercial man may fairly be taken—the interest he took in monetary transactions being apart from the love of mere money-getting. Both men pursued their vocations *con amore;* both rejoiced equally in success. Both were warm-hearted philanthropists; and it is worthy of remark, that the beloved garden and choice plants of the good doctor were fully appreciated by the subsequent owner of Ham House. Fothergill might have walked through his conservatories with more scientific delight in his exotics; but he could scarcely have rejoiced more in the natural beauty of God's "smiles of love," the flowers, than did his successor.

good wife when he spoke of that possession as "a good thing." Certainly in the present instance neither the discernment nor taste of Samuel Gurney were at fault; for the character of Elizabeth Gurney, during the whole period of her married life, is a striking parallel to that of the inimitable description in the last chapter of Proverbs of the "excellent woman." There was a sweet unselfishness in her natural disposition peculiarly endearing and instructive, a lowly estimation of herself, a charity to others, a faithfulness to duty, a power of sympathy most uncommon, which, as one of her children remarks, often led her into great trial, so truly did she suffer with those who wept, and was ever ready to help and comfort.

Then her utter unworldliness. In the few simple memorials this good wife and mother has left her children of her inner life, it is really beautiful to see how little, as riches increased, she set her heart upon them, how entirely free from a spirit of ostentation and display was her daily walk and conversation, and how her loving gentleness threw a beauty about her daily paths which must be delightful for her children to recall among the things of past days.

It will not, it is hoped, be deemed out of place, or irrelevant to the subject of this memoir, thus to allude to the sharer of Samuel Gurney's joys and sorrows in the journey of life. For it seems impossible in a faithful delineation of his character to omit a notice of one who, it cannot but be believed, exerted no mean influence over him.

We are frequently unmindful, when gazing on a fine picture, and admiring the spirit and boldness of its outline, how much interest and value as a whole is due to the skill with which the artist has thrown in his background, and we cannot tell how far the completeness and softened beauty of the Upton home was owing to the quiet and retiring spirit of this gentle woman.

The wedding of Samuel Gurney and Elizabeth Sheppard took place on the 7th of April, 1808; and the warm and deserved welcome given to the bride to the bosom of her husband's family, appears to have been cordially reciprocated by her.

An extract from Mrs. Fry's journal, dated April 9, 1808, may close this period of his life.

"I was able to attend the wedding which I had so particularly desired.

"We had a very striking meeting, and I did deeply feel for dear Samuel and Elizabeth, and desire that they might be blessed.

"The fat of the land was not my desire, but the dew of heaven.

"They both felt very dear to me."

The marriage was conducted at Barking Meeting, and, the little tour to the Isle of Wight being over, the newly-married pair entered on possession of their apartments at Ham House, still the residence of the parents of the bride.

CHAPTER II.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LOMBARD STREET FIRM —MONEY DEALINGS—BIRTH OF A SON—LETTER—DEATH OF MR. GURNEY OF EARLHAM—JOURNEY ON THE CONTINENT — LETTER — PRISCILLA GURNEY'S DEATH.

Hitherto we have only seen Samuel Gurney as the diligent apprentice and plodding clerk in his uncle's counting-house; but the elements of something more than a common man of business were in the youth who could forego the pleasures of rambling and shooting amid Westmoreland and Cumberland hills for the desk and the ledger, and who was conscious of weariness in a life of mere pastime and amusement.

He was now about to enter life, at a peculiar period in the history of the monied world. For a very little time prior to Mr. Gurney's marriage an important branch of business had been commenced in the city of London, and one which had a marked effect on the commercial and banking interests of the country at large.

Before the formation of the firm in Lombard Street, now so well-known under the name of Overend, Gurney and Co., there had been nothing at all ana-

logous to the system pursued by money dealers at present.

At this time the city of Norwich carried on a very lucrative trade in woollen goods with India and China, under control of the East India Company; and this may have been the means of introducing a connection between the Norwich Bank and Mr. Joseph Smith, a member of the Society of Friends, then engaged as a woollen factor in the city of London. The result of this intercourse was, that Mr. Smith, having extensive dealings in his trade, was able to employ a large amount of the surplus money of the Norwich Bank in discounting the acceptances of his connections and others, for which he charged the bank the reasonable commission of one quarter per cent. on the amount of money thus negotiated. This business in course of time so increased, that a clerk of Mr. Smith's, John Overend, a north countryman of great perseverance and considerable acuteness and shrewdness, proposed to Mr. Smith that he should be taken into partnership, and that they should establish a separate business as bill brokers. This proposal being rejected, the clerk left the firm, and suggested to a Mr. Thomas Richardson, then the principal clerk in the house of Smith, Wright and Gray, that they should start this new business on their own account. The principle on which it was to be conducted was somewhat novel, and its difference between this and the former mode was, that instead of charging the commission of one quarter per cent.

to those who supplied the capital, they should charge it to those whose bills were discounted. This plan meeting with the approval of the Norwich Bank, one of the clerks, subsequently a partner in that concern, the late Simon Martin—a man of much practical knowledge, high principle, and steady perseverance in all that he undertook—was sent to London, to assist in the formation of the new and untried business. And thus from so small a commencement has arisen the great concern of Overend and Co. It was in the year 1807, being the one previous to the marriage of Samuel Gurney, that his father, Mr. John Gurney of Earlham, having already placed his eldest son in the branch bank at King's Lynn, with the prospect of a future partnership, embarked his second son, Samuel, in business on his own account; and as an indication of the well-deserved trust of the father we may notice the fact that, at the early age of twenty-one, Samuel Gurney took no inconsiderable share in the concern of Richardson and Overend. How much of the safety and success of that vast establishment was due to his firm, clear, bold, business talent from early youth, through a long course of years, through many anxieties and shocks, not a few bankers and merchants in London can testify.

Amid some clouds of family bereavements the sunshine of joy broke in on his more immediate household with the birth of the first-born son, which event took place at Upton, in the summer of 1809; and in the close City engagements which so constantly

occupied her husband during the day, Mrs. Gurney appears to have found a sweet solace in the almost engrossing care of the litttle one.

Towards the close of the month of October of the same year, Samuel Gurney was summoned to attend the death-bed of his father at Earlham. In consequence, however, of the scarlet fever having been lately prevalent in the family at the Hall, it was not deemed safe for Mrs. Gurney and the infant son to join him in this last sad visit to his parent, and the regrets of the young husband and wife are very naturally expressed by the latter in being denied the joy of showing the little grandson to their beloved parent.

An extract from one of the few letters which have been preserved of Mr. Gurney's, will show how seriously at this early stage of his parental life, when the cares of City business were daily increasing in their weight, he viewed the responsibility of his character as a father. The letter, which is to his wife, is very short, and is dated Liverpool, 6th of Eighth Month, 1810, during a temporary absence from home :—

"My mind has been a good deal turned to thee, sincerely desiring that thou and I may be enabled to give ourselves up to what is best, and that our pursuits in this world may more and more have this tendency ; that we may be able to grow in what is good, and to set such an example to our dear little boy, as to make a lasting impression on his now innocent mind."

In the year 1810, the arrangement to share the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard at Upton, gave place to the more convenient one of occupying a separate residence at North End. The farewell to Ham House was rather a sad affair to Mrs. Gurney, who was fondly attached to the scene of so many of her young and happy days, and, notwithstanding her content and thankfulness in entering her new life as mistress of her beloved husband's household, she naturally regrets "the last day on which she should call dear Upton home;" little thinking that this house would yet be associated with still dearer and more mature joys, not only as the birth-place of so many of her children, but that those children's children should tread the nursery floor, and sport on the green lawns and pleasant garden paths of those shady grounds.

It will not be expected that the life of a man so deeply and steadily engaged in mercantile affairs should present any variety of incident for the biographer to record. The earlier portions of it, indeed, knew little interruption, and until the year 1817 we do not hear of any more extended journeys than those taken at intervals to see his relatives at Earlham, or to transact matters of business connected with the Norfolk Bank.

Towards the close of 1817 he joined a family party in a short tour upon the Continent, principally with a view of forming a branch Bible Society in Paris, as well as to procure information respecting the various systems of prison discipline adopted in the gaols of

Antwerp and Ghent. There are some allusions to this tour in the Memoirs of Sir Fowell Buxton, and it is therefore needless to enter into its particulars here. The interest which Samuel Gurney took in its object is evident from a letter which has been preserved; and that he was a most animated and delightful travelling companion, and highly prized by the rest of the party, is no less so. In a very *naïve* letter of Mr. Buxton's, addressed to Mrs. Gurney, he writes humorously of his own extraordinary stupidity in speaking French, and of Samuel Gurney's extraordinary capacity: he adds—

"Your husband is in excellent spirits, and of infinite value to us. He gets on with his French *à merveille;* but he forgets his Friend's language, and speaks in the plural number. I tell him his principles are so very precious, that he would not expose them to the dangers of the sea, and has left them at home. We cannot think of letting him go away until the end of the week . . ."

The same sheet contained a tender letter from Mr. Gurney to his absent wife, manifesting how continually she and the children were the subjects of his thoughts, and containing a circumstantial account of the tour, which in those days was accomplished with less ease than in the present time of luxurious railway travelling.

In the various efforts of those distinguished philanthropists, Joseph John Gurney and Fowell Buxton, and their well-known sister Elizabeth Fry, for the improvement of prison discipline and the reform

of our criminal code, Samuel Gurney heartily united; and, if his name is less prominent than theirs in those efforts, it cannot be denied that without his constant aid, both by counsel and sympathy, as well as that of his ever-open hand, many of the benevolent schemes of Elizabeth Fry, especially, would have been greatly contracted, and her usefulness much hindered.

Although settled in a distant home, the interests of Samuel Gurney were ever alive to every circumstance connected with his brothers and sisters. In 1821, at a period of great mercantile excitement, he responds to a request to assist in the removal of his youngest sister Priscilla, then far advanced in pulmonary consumption, from Earlham to her brother-in-law's residence at Cromer Hall, in Norfolk.

How beautifully does the softened character of the judicious and affectionate brother and nurse by the sick couch contrast with that of the firm man of business in the bank office of Lombard Street!

An extract from a letter to his wife on this occasion may be interesting. It bears the date of Cromer, Second Month 9th, 1821 :—

"My Dearest ———,

"Thou wilt have heard from Rachel of our safe arrival here. We had been a little doubtful whether it might not have proved too great an excitement to our dear Priscilla. The contrary proved the case, and I trust it rather tended to revive her. As far as the circumstances of the case admitted, Betsy (Elizabeth Fry) and I had a very pleasant journey.

"Thou wilt have heard that Priscilla has a good deal revived from the very low state in which she was a few days ago, which has enabled her and us also, to value being together, much more than we could have done a short time since. She appears to enjoy our sitting with her quietly, and occasionally reading or entering into conversation among ourselves.

"Notwithstanding the uncommon calmness that pervades her mind, she has many deep baptisms to pass through; not that she has any apprehensions as to the future, but more, I think, as to the close and near ties she has to leave. She told Louisa the other day that the prospect of a return to life was attended with much more conflict than that of death. For myself, I have felt refreshed and have slept well, although having left London at a critical moment has given me some pain; not that I doubt the propriety of my coming, under the information I then had; and I must, therefore, leave matters to take care of themselves. Indeed, it sometimes happens they do best by themselves, and work their own way better than we can for them.

"Dear Priscilla continues very calm and peaceful, and much values my company, which is generally of the quiet sort, as she prefers it and it suits her."

Again, in a letter to Mrs. Gurney, dated Earlham, Sixth Month 10th, 1822, we see how large were the powers of Samuel Gurney's sympathy with sorrow in whatever form it presented itself. It was written on the occasion of the death of his sister-in-law Mrs. J. J. Gurney:—

"My Dearest ———,

"Thou wilt be prepared in some measure for the sad intelligence of the death of our beloved Jane, which took

place, after a sinking night, at about half-past five o'clock this morning.

"Joseph, who had passed much of the night in comfortable sleep, was called about an hour previously, and was present at the awful though peaceful close. It was a memorable occasion never to be forgotten. She departed in perfect quiet, and surely a precious feeling of peace was abundantly prevalent, our beloved brother being prepared to give her up into the hands of her righteous God, in the full faith of her entrance into the joy of her Lord, since which we have all been favoured with much calm and composure.

"I need hardly add that I have had high satisfaction in coming when I did; for, though outward help appears of little avail to my beloved brother, yet I shall always rejoice in having passed through this part of his trial, as his companion, both personally, and in no small degree of feeling also. The last two or three days of our dear sister's life have been nearly clouded by delirium, though accompanied with much sweetness: and an occasional lucid interval has been permitted, in which she testified that all fear of death was taken away through the merits of her righteous Redeemer.

"In a case in which another is so deeply and exquisitely interested, it seems out of place to bring forward myself; but to thee, my dear wife, it may be right to say, that on no occurrence of my life have I been so cast into the depths as since my arrival here. Indeed, it has been a severe trial to me; but I trust, though with fear, I have not been overlooked in the Divine support so mercifully handed out.

"How closely has it brought many things to my mind, especially the tie that exists between us; and how have I wanted thy sweet support. Neither has it been unac-

companied with earnest desires that our love may grow on the only lasting foundation.

"Our precious children have also been much on my mind, and I have hoped that the elder ones may partake of, and not flee from, the sorrow so largely *our* portion at this time. Our dear John has been much on my mind. Surely they may unite with us in seeking consolation at a throne of grace.

"I trust dear Betsy (Elizabeth Fry) and thee are thrown much together on this occasion."

After some expressions of his wishes respecting their attending the funeral, he says—

"But I feel no great care either way, only thou mayst always rely on my wanting thee at all times; and shouldst thou decide on coming, I should see no disadvantage in our two elder children being thrown into such a scene.

"Our dear brother stands firm on the ground of a Christian; but true religion refines and does not blunt the feelings, and his are deep indeed, and at times almost overwhelming.

"In the tenderest love I remain thine,

"Samuel Gurney."

About this time, during a visit to Cromer, we have this short but interesting allusion to Samuel Gurney, from the pen of Miss Buxton, a family connection, who resided at a short distance from Northrepps Hall. In a letter to a friend she thus mentions the subject of these pages:—

"Sam Gurney is here as ever cheerful, a well-poised vessel, a valuable freight, and the merchandize of it by

some peculiar fortune fitted for pleasant traffic *here*, and certain also of a good market above. At least if Sam is not a good fellow, who *is* good."

From the date of Mr. Sheppard's death, which occurred in 1812, Ham House became the settled residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, and the birth-place of their numerous family.

CHAPTER III.

THE PANIC OF 1825–26—THE HOUSE AT UPTON—TRIALS—FRATERNAL AFFECTION—THEORY AND PRACTICE—A CASE OF FORGERY—JUSTICE—MORAL HEROISM—LETTER.

The house of Overend, Gurney and Co. was now fast rising in the scale of commercial prosperity. The scheme originating with two bankers' clerks, and carried out with steady perseverance and judgment, had fully answered, and the foundation was secure.

One well acquainted with Mr. Gurney's character as a man of business, writes in reference to this subject:

"It was a remarkable sight to witness the head of that firm plunge day by day into the vortex of city business, and return thence to his domestic hearth, without any trace of a mammon-loving spirit.

"This remarkable absence of care and solicitude on the score of business, however, was not without its exceptions; and there were times, when the money market was disturbed and failures impended, that even the calm mind and self-possession natural to Samuel Gurney suffered intense anxiety, and his peace and rest were disturbed.

"Knowing intimately as he did the sufferings which

awaited. those who could no longer command credit or obtain supplies from other quarters, this anxiety was felt more on the account of others than on his own. His desire was to act fairly and justly to his fellow-creatures, as well as to himself; and thus did he move onwards cautiously and step by step, through those troublous times, lest he should be led into any error of judgment.

"One must know something practically as well as theoretically of the magnitude of City transactions concentrated in one focus, and have felt the heart-sickening anxiety which thrilled the man of business at the times of those fearful monetary panics, to which our commercial country of England is so peculiarly liable, to estimate the immense weight of responsibility which at such critical times rested on the mind of Samuel Gurney."

The sudden run upon the banks, both in London and the provinces, have rendered most memorable the winter of 1825–6; when more than one banker could doubtless respond to the sentiment expressed by Joseph John Gurney, that business was productive of much trial. Truly it was calculated to test character and principle, to prove uprightness and equity. It was a season of universal gloom in town and country. Houses of long-established credit began to give way, and confidence seemed at an end. Most expressive is our word *panic,* as descriptive of the spirit of that critical time.

It is difficult to conceive a more anxious position than that occupied by Mr. Gurney at such a time, from the double pressure of his large concerns both in London and Norfolk.

The clear, sound judgment evinced by him in this terrible emergency, can scarcely be too highly commended or gratefully estimated, as it doubtless saved hundreds from utter ruin, and promoted, in no common degree, the safety and interests of a large portion of the banking and commercial world. Joseph John Gurney alludes feelingly in his journal to the anxieties of this time, and expresses much sympathy with the trial of faith and patience which the panic had brought on his beloved brother Samuel.

A calm, or rather lull, succeeded the storm of 1825–6; but in the year 1828 other clouds arose in the horizon, and broke at length over some very nearly allied to Mr. Gurney.

All who know Upton and its surroundings—pleasant beyond belief of those who have never seen it, and think only of its proximity to the busy world of London—will readily enter into the pleasures of the little colony, which, in process of time, formed around Ham House, an unpretending dwelling in the small park at Upton, and possessing a home-like old English beauty of its own.

There is not an approach to grandeur, or even stateliness, in the mansion. It is just such a place as a weary traveller would feel a longing to enter, sure of comfort within its walls. And as he peeps through the park gates, and sees groups of children playing freely under the shadow of a spreading tree, or perhaps a little band of Sunday scholars, blanched and sickly, as children from Stratford and Bow are

likely to be, seated in quiet enjoyment of the milk and buns provided for their school-treat within the enclosure, and merry boys playing cricket on the grass, he would feel tempted to enter too, and would be sure that the owner of Ham House was no churlish, inhospitable man, but a thorough-going "old English gentleman." And then the quaint, irregular building of the house, looks so inviting, with its many chimneys sending up their wreaths of curling smoke; the walled-in kitchen-gardens, with all their tempting abundance; the friendly tone of the door-bell; the peep of the fine-spreading cedars and sloping green lawn; the conservatory, opening out of the familiar greenhouse parlour; the dining-room, neither too large and dreary, nor too small and cramped; the drawing-room, furnished with the simple elegance characterising the homes of Friends; the warm, snug, curtained bed-rooms, with their pleasant looks-out on to garden and park; the nurseries, seldom silent, even now that the children of Ham House have passed its threshold, but still gladdened by the voices of children's children—all speak a welcome. But alas! the sire's kindly greeting of children and of grand-children will never more echo in those hospitable halls, nor the beaming smile of the late host, so eminently given to hospitality, be seen by Christmas hearth or beneath the summer trees of Upton.

A bright centre, a little castle in its way, was Ham House, around which other members of the family

instinctively gathered, as though for protection and shelter. Close by was the dwelling of Mrs. Gurney's only brother, to whose children, early left motherless, the kindly watchfulness of that judicious, tender-hearted relative must have been an inestimable blessing, and to whom there are some very touching allusions in the journal of her life. A little further still, amidst fine trees and overlooking a beautiful and expansive lawn, was Plashet House, the favourite residence of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Fry, where she loved to gather her children around her, and after her arduous duties at Newgate, or her religious services in different parts of the country, to renew her strength and to rest awhile from her labours.

But in 1828 the sorrow-stricken wife and mother writes: "The storm has now entered our own borders;" and it was even so. The failure of one of the houses of business in which Mr. Fry was a partner, involved the whole family in sorrow and perplexity. The pleasant country home was exchanged for the city residence in St. Mildred's court, which they occupied but for a short time however, when they returned to the neighbourhood of Upton, and once more renewed their pleasant associations there.

Sorrow and adversity, while it estranges hearts whose hold it were perhaps scarce worth while to retain, binds the loving and faithful yet closer together; and never more brightly than at the present juncture did the fraternal love of Samuel Gurney and the practical benevolence of his character shine forth.

"It is impossible," writes one of his friends on this subject, "to dive into those most difficult and delicate cases in which his large circle of relatives and friends proved his faithfulness. They are cases hidden from the public eye, and their extent can never be known; but that his generosity in these respects was unbounded is no secret, and formed, if not the most distinguished, certainly one of the most beautiful and interesting, items of his deeds of charity."

The affection which had always existed between Mrs. Fry and her brother Samuel, was of a very tender and peculiar nature. She had watched over his early days with all the mother-sister love which her sense of their mutual bereavement called forth; and now he was about to guard and shield her from the dart of sorrow, as she had guarded him from the perils of boyhood and youth.

Miss Fry here remarks:—

"The tie between my mother and uncle was peculiarly strong. Before her marriage he was especially *her* boy. His residence with her afterwards confirmed it, and the close neighbourhood in after life rivetted it as strongly as any earthly union could well be.

"He was to her an ever-ready helper, a pillar of strength—'a rock,' as she fondly called him. She brought him much in return that was interesting, as well as opening the way, through her public celebrity, to some distinguished and delightful society. His judgment, his liberality, his ever ready-help, with his frequent companionship, were most essentially valuable to her. My own feeling respecting my uncle was that of having in

him a tower of refuge, to which we might safely go for help and protection, especially during my mother's illness; and, since her decease, with increasing knowledge of him came increasing love, respect, and admiration. The tenderness, gentleness, and sympathy that his inner nature possessed, were very delightful to those who knew him intimately. His great kindness in illness and suffering, his bright mind and clear head, were delightful. It was a pleasure to lay a subject before him, he so instantly understood and comprehended it in all its bearings, especially when connected with business or family arrangements."

A reference to an earlier date than that of which we are writing seems as though it may appropriately be introduced here, as illustrative of the tender love which Elizabeth Fry had ever felt for the brother, who at this mournful period of her life proved one of her greatest earthly supports and consolations. It is an extract from part of Mrs. Fry's unpublished journal, furnished by one of her daughters.

"Plashet, First Month 11th, 1816.

"The turning a new year I felt very much; more particularly so, deeply feeling the change in the last, in our beloved Betsy being taken from us.* And I little expected, so soon upon entering this, to have one so dearly beloved as my brother Samuel in apparently much danger of following her, from a hurt in his arm that took serious hold of his constitution.

"I fear I flinched. I felt it almost too much, and was ready to fear whether the floods would not be permitted to prevail, though it was also evident to me that the Ever-

* A little daughter of Mrs. Fry's, who died in early childhood.

lasting Arms were underneath, and in my affliction I truly felt the heart-tendering consolation of religion. He is one very near my heart. I have from his early years prayed for him, wept over him, and even interceded with strong intercession of spirit that he might not be hurt by evil.

"I am now favoured to see him under the influence of grace, and I trust established in righteousness. I have known his help and support many times; indeed, he has been a great helper in bearing some of our burdens for us. I have craved that, if it were right, he might live to be a blessing to his family, an ornament to the church, and show forth the praises of his great Lord and Master. And oh, may his life this time be preserved not only to glorify Him in life, but may he die the death of the righteous, and magnify the name of Israel's Shepherd."

It is well known that from an early stage of Sir T. F. Buxton's parliamentary career, he had directed the full powers of his mind and the utmost efforts of his eloquence to turn the attention of the Legislature to the reform of the criminal code; and in this, as well as in all objects for the promotion of justice and mercy, Mr. Gurney heartily sympathised. His spirit of benevolence and Christian philanthropy revolted at the idea of taking away life, especially for crimes committed against property, and he united in many efforts to obtain a reprieve for those unhappy creatures whose lives had been forfeited to the rigorous laws then existing.

Several instances of forgery on a very extensive scale had occurred, and it cannot be supposed that, as a banker and man of business, Mr. Gurney could

hold such an offence in aught but detestation. But the very severity of the code in itself denied him redress. Shameful and heinous, grossly injurious as the crime was to himself and to all similarly engaged in business, the law was in his case powerless; for the very enactment which rendered forgery punishable by death, rendered it impossible for one entertaining his conscientious scruples on capital punishment to prosecute.

His practice and his theory were consistent, and the sincerity of his principles—for principles they were, and not mere morbid and mistaken kindness—were once tested in a very remarkable manner.

It was discovered that a certain individual had committed forgery on the firm at Lombard Street, by which considerable loss was sustained. The culprit was discovered, the guilt clearly proved; and, strictly guarded, the man was conveyed to the house of business for further examination and the decision of the partners. The thoughts of Samuel Gurney, when he retired for solemn consideration of the course to be pursued, may be well imagined. The struggle was great between justice and mercy.

The crime was one committed against society—not a personal injury alone; and should it go unpunished? Was it right and just to turn such a man, devoid of principle and conscience, loose on the world again, uncondemned and unrequited? Yet what was the alternative? To prosecute was to sign his death warrant. He thought, and we may well

believe he thought prayerfully, ere he came to the decision that he could not take the wretched man's life. Some hours passed away, and he spurned the thought of the "legal murder" of one who might yet repent and live. One can picture his stately form, one seems to hear his firm step, as he advanced to the room where the culprit awaited his doom. "We have thee under our power," were Mr. Gurney's words, as he bent his scrutinizing look on the man. "By the law we must hang thee,—but we will not do that; so"—opening the private door,—"be off to the continent, and beware of ever returning." He was then led out at the back door into the street, and shortly afterwards left England. He finally took up his abode at Vevay, and was some years after drowned in the Lake of Geneva.

This transaction, which was publicly known and severely animadverted on at the time, had a great effect in bringing about an alteration of the law. As the matter then stood, a great deal of trouble and misrepresentation ensued to Mr. Gurney, for the eye of the world did not view the affair in the same light as himself, and there was considerable fear that he would be prosecuted for having let the forger escape condign punishment. His wife mentions this period of trial and severe conflict to her husband very feelingly; but expresses her thankfulness that his religion shone so brightly through all the transaction, and records her experience of the truth, that "to

the upright man there should light arise out of darkness."

Many instances might be given of Mr. Gurney's firmness of purpose, in the proper notice and punishment of an infringement of honesty and truth. He was benevolent and tender-hearted, but not weak. One anecdote which rests on good authority, may illustrate this feature of his character. He was, among many other educational and philanthropic efforts, deeply interested in the British and Foreign School Society, and frequently assisted young men to avail themselves of the advantages which their Training Institution offers to those desirous of becoming qualified as teachers. It is probable that his kindness was occasionally misplaced; and on one occasion, on his arrival in Lombard Street at his usual hour in the morning, he found a young man of respectable appearance awaiting him, who, as he had learned, had been making an improper use of the means provided for this purpose, and had proved himself, in fact, a complete impostor. Mr. Gurney at once apprised him, that with the will to assist the deserving, he had likewise the determination to punish the deceiver; and as soon as some affairs in business had been transacted he told him of his true position. The youth begged for mercy, but in vain. "No," was the emphatic answer; "thy crime is too great to be passed over:" and, dismissing the policeman at the young man's earnest request, Mr. Gurney walked

arm in arm with him to the Mansion House, stated his charge, and the result was his committal for three months to prison.

The same authority for the above story relates rather a characteristic one, of a somewhat different nature; but, as evincing something of the wisdom of Solomon in deciding a questionable point, and a rigorous love of justice, it may be introduced here.

On several occasions the poultry had been stolen from Ham House, and the means to put a stop to the annoyance were for some time in abeyance. At last a thief bolder than the rest cast a wistful eye upon a peacock. The bird was accordingly transported from the fresh air of Upton to some close abode in the densely populated district of Spitalfields. A reward of £20 was immediately offered for the missing bird, and information against the thieves. One of the number turned informer for the sake of the reward; the thief was brought to justice; and when the important but difficult point was mooted as to the bird being truly Mr. Gurney's property, he requested the magistrate to send an officer to put the peacock down in any part of the park, and declared that if the bird was his it would roost on a particular branch of one of the cedar trees. The trial was made; the peacock's instinct was not at fault, for it reinstated itself, to its perfect satisfaction and that of its owner, on the leafy branches of the favourite tree.

A letter from a son of the Chevalier Bunsen, in-

serted by his permission, will show another and very eminent feature in Samuel Gurney's character, and one in which many a so-called hero has proved lamentably deficient—the virtue of moral courage. The letter needs no comment, and the facts speak for themselves.

"Early in the summer of 1854, I spent a week at B—— Hall, the country seat of ——. This gentleman, an eminent London merchant, and during many years a member of Parliament, took much pleasure, in the course of our nocturnal conversations, in reviewing the varied incidents of his life, and the characters of men with whom he had become acquainted. As might perhaps be expected from such an account, many of the cases related were of a nature to show how widely spread is the dominion of evil—how men in high places and in low places were known to have given way to unfaithfulness in their respective trusts, to avarice, intrigue, and untruthfulness. Impatient to hear more cheerful descriptions of human nature, I ventured to interrupt a string of such anecdotes. 'Surely, Mr. ——,' I said, 'you have not lived thus long without experiencing that there is true nobility and high unselfish principle among men.' My host raised his head significantly, and replied, 'Yes, I *have* seen a noble deed, and the man who did it is old Sam Gurney. You may have read,' he continued, 'about ——'s trial in the year 18—, when one of the first silversmiths in the City, and a man of high esteem for his uprightness, was accused of forgery. The excitement as to the probable result of this inquiry was intense, and the opinions of men differed widely. On the morning of the decisive day I chanced to hear that my friend Gurney was prepared to stand by the

prisoner in the dock. I immediately proceeded to Lombard Street, where I found him occupied with the vast interests of his business, and asked him hastily whether common report were true. Upon which he said, 'After a most anxious investigation of the matter, I am firmly convinced of that man's innocence. I deem it my duty to express this conviction publicly, and will join —— in the felon's dock.' And most assuredly he went; nor could any one easily forget the intense sensation produced in the crowd of spectators when, on the prisoner being conducted to his place, the stately figure of Samuel Gurney presented itself to the public gaze by the side of the innocent silversmith.

"The anecdote is told without comment, and yet it would call forth many. For the noble deed related, though in no wise astonishing, nay, not even remarkable, to those who know the power that uplifted the meek and single-hearted believer, yet cheers one in the contemplation of that rarest of virtues, *moral courage*, meek and unobtrusive in its proceeding, yet steadfast and unflinching."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. GURNEY'S CHARACTER AS A MAN OF BUSINESS—EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS, ETC—SYMPATHY WITH PHILANTHROPIC EFFORTS—HIS PUBLIC SPEAKING—SPEECH AT THE LONDON TAVERN.

Were we only to contemplate the character of Samuel Gurney as a man of business, the glance would be but a cursory one, from which the writer, no less than the generality of readers, would doubtless turn aside and say, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

It has been sometimes urged against men of wealth and substance, whose lives have been passed amid the engagements of commercial life, that the tide of human sympathies has been closed or impeded, and that in the grand effort to heap up riches their benevolent energies have been dwarfed and paralyzed; and truth and experience will bear witness to this fact in many cases. They that will be rich fall into divers temptations; and it would be a bold assertion to make of any prosperous man that he *never* fell into the snares which the world lays deceitfully in his path.

A minister in the Society of Friends, many years since, when driving with Mr. Gurney into the City from Upton, felt it right in his ministerial capacity to address his companion on the peculiar dangers and temptations incident to such a life, faithfully

representing to him the tendency of human nature to absorption in any worldly occupation, especially the acquisition of riches; and suggested how happy and useful his life might be as a country gentleman, ministering to the necessities of those around him, and devoting his time and energies to philanthropic pursuits. He received the word of exhortation meekly and thoughtfully; but replied, with his habitual frankness and sincerity, that he could not, he believed, live apart from an employment which had become almost natural to him; and that unfortunately, not being "*bookish* like his brother Joseph," he should be at a loss without his business.

This was undoubtedly true. Business was to him something more than employment; it was his "hobby" —it was that in which he eminently excelled, and in which he displayed his rare judgment, decision, and courage. He loved success; but it was rather for its own sake than for the mere increase of possession which it brought, and he had a solemn sense of the responsibility attached to such a talent, and the importance of using it for the glory of God and the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

His early education had been with a view to making, not a literary, but a commercial man. From the age of sixteen he had been thrown into close association with the monied world, and his lot had been cast in the heart of a great city.

But with all this taste, both natural and acquired, for business, there was marvellously little of its taint

adhering to him. "He is the only man I have ever seen," says the Rev. Henry Tacey, of Swanton Morley, "that has passed through the burning, fiery furnace, without the smell of it in some way hanging about his garments." Still it *was* a furnace, and that he felt it to be so the following extracts from his own letters testify.

The first is addressed to his brother, Mr. J. J. Gurney, and bears date Fourth Month, 1825.

"As for myself, I may fairly acknowledge I have been too much occupied in my worldly pursuits, and, what is worse, I do not at present see my way clear out of them. I mourn over this at times, but perhaps there is ground for hope that relief may come.

"A Lombard Street business, especially our own, is so very engrossing, and does in reality require such unremitting attention, that escape is not easy. I sometimes feel inclined to envy some of you in the devotion or calling of your lives, with all its trials and baptisms.

"I can only salve over my own mind with the thought that my worldly engrossments have not been entirely my own choosing—have come upon me unsought, and may be for the present *my* calling."

To a member of the Society of Friends, who had written to him on the subject of his close application to business, he replies from Upton.

"Second Month 12th, 1846.

"My very dear Friend,

. . . . Greatly do I value thy Christian sympathy and religious concern. May the prayer of thy heart for me be answered, and may I be enabled to see and to

follow that path, if there be one to be granted, out of the worldly pursuits in which at this time I am so much occupied.

"It is true we have had a very anxious time in the City, and are in measure likely to have a continuance of it for some time. Many are suffering from it. Under such circumstances, critical to so many, it appears needful and my place and duty to be on the spot at this time.

"Whether the present state of things will lead to a decrease of my business cares, or a release altogether, I cannot see; but am prepared to rejoice over either, if it open the way for my taking more part, if rightly laid upon me, in those things which I value above anything else.

"Thy attached brother,
"(Claiming a continuance of thy honest
"and tender concern,)
"SAMUEL GURNEY."

Several letters from Mr. J. J. Gurney indicate a brotherly anxiety that the man of business might be preserved unspotted from the world.

"Mayest thou, my beloved brother," he writes, "be preserved in close watchfulness, with prayer, that the trammels of the world may not hinder the growth of the immortal seed, or prevent thy being wholly dedicated to the love, fear, and service of God. The world will have its cares, but we need not imbibe its spirit; and let us henceforth keep our hands clean, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

And again, some years afterwards, when on a journey of religious service in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire:—

"My heart very much turns to thee, from whom I have in every way derived so much assistance and encouragement.

"I feel it profitable to be extricated for a season from the thoughts of this world; and that thou mayest be favoured to arise from time to time above the trammels of business, and to hold communion with thy God in spirit, is my earnest desire and prayer."

Mr. Gurney always maintained, in his path of daily and anxious responsibility, a spirit of calm and quiet decision of purpose, and he felt his position to be one of serious importance, not affecting his own interests alone, but those of a large proportion of his fellow-countrymen; and it may be noted that he took the deeper interest in every commercial question, because he believed the spread of commerce was an effectual means of promoting peace and good-will among men.

He was in the habit of referring every event in the course of his City affairs to the overruling providence of God, and was singularly little elated by gain or depressed by loss. It is said that on one occasion, being informed on his arrival in town of the loss of a considerable sum through some unexpected failure, his reply was, "Well, I am glad of it: it will be a good lesson for you young men, and will teach you the uncertainty of riches."

A short address to his family, written in prospect of a journey on the Continent with his sister, Mrs. Fry, may properly be given in this place, as it had

an especial bearing on the subject before us. It is dated—

"Upton, Second Month 24th, 1840.

"To my beloved Wife and Children,

"Feeling the seriousness of leaving home at this time with your Aunt Fry, for the Continent, I incline to add these few lines as instructions to you, in addition to my will.

. . . . . .

"And now, my beloved children, seeing that it has pleased a bountiful Providence to bless us in basket and in store, I feel very desirous that the property you are each likely to possess may be in truth a blessing and not a disadvantage to you, religiously or temporally. I desire that it may be the means of procuring you the comforts and advantages of life, and enable you to gladden the hearts of your fellow-men.

"If this be its application, and you are enabled to do justice, love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God, then, indeed, will your property be a blessing to you, and to those with whom you may be connected in life. If, on the other hand, it be applied to over-indulgence and self-exaltation, taking you off from the ground of Christian humility, then, indeed, will this gift of God turn to evil, and truly do I warn you all against it.

"I confidently trust that your lives, amongst other duties, will be marked by a tender, watchful, dutiful care over my tenderly beloved wife, your faithful mother, and that it may be continued unceasingly to the last hour of her life.

"Accept this instruction and advice from your tenderly attached husband and father.

"Samuel Gurney."

Evidently in allusion to a similar subject is a letter addressed to Mrs. Gurney by one of his sisters.

"I must tell thee what a comfort and satisfaction has been my dearest brother's letter. To find that you were neither of you vexed with my freedom, and to find his *deep* seriousness of mind on the subject, is charming. I know well thy personal generosity, and thy little desire for the abundant wealth God has bestowed upon you, and was sure thou wouldst respond to my feelings.

"I always do feel thee, dearest sister, an example of sympathy and tender consideration for others. How heartily I acknowledge that you *do* walk worthy of your high calling—that your light does very remarkably shine before men—that you are appointed as instruments of good and helps to others."

To continue this little sketch with strict reference to dates or details would be impossible. He left behind him no journal, and but few letters remain which would possess general interest, or any circumstantial record of the events of his life. It was, as has already been hinted, passed principally in London and in the midst of his family, varied occasionally by tours on philanthropic missions, or short excursions in England or abroad. But as he advanced to maturer life, we see him more and more in the character of the philanthropist, and ever at hand when duty called to promote any object which he considered would tend to the benefit of mankind. His was a direct mission, no less than that of other members of his family more prominently before the public eye; and in much of the benevolent

machinery so beautifully worked by them, he might almost be called the main stay.

Now we see him beside his sister Elizabeth Fry, as she stands before the rulers of the earth, pleading for the prisoner in the dungeon, the desolate and oppressed, and ever feeling strength in his presence and silent sympathy: or travelling with her in foreign lands, cheering her arduous path by his own buoyancy of spirit, and untiring energy in promoting the objects of her labours; throwing a pleasantness and brightness on her ofttimes saddened and tempest-tossed way, which was most helpful. During one of Mrs. Fry's later continental visits, on which Mr. Gurney is mentioned by her as proving in an especial manner her "faithful friend, wise counsellor, and most loving brother," a Prussian gentleman once described to me the striking appearance which this brother and sister presented as they went on their way of mercy; the stately form, the strong arm, and the self-possession of the former, as he sate by her side at the public meeting, or offered her his support on her visits to the prison or the hospital.

There was a peculiar humility and teachableness in Samuel Gurney in holy things, which I remember struck me considerably in early childhood, during his visits to his brother at Norwich, a kind of reverent meekness in listening to him as well as to his sister, as ministers of religion, which was very instructive in a man of his otherwise bold and independent spirit. It was as though, being led into more

worldly and stirring scenes, he loved to turn aside from these at times, and to follow these pilgrims on that which might seem a more sacred path.

In public life, especially during the last few years, he frequently appeared as the hearty and powerful advocate, if not the eloquent speaker, at meetings in support of various societies; and his addresses from the platform on these occasions were characterised by the clear-headedness and sound sense so eminently his own. At times, when addressing an audience on any subject that greatly interested him, his depth of feeling, conveyed in the rich and varied tones of his voice, his expressive countenance and dignified bearing, could scarcely fail to impress his hearers.

One who had ample opportunity of judging of this matter, describes his talent for public speaking as one of no mean order, and possessing many sterling qualities—clearness, conciseness and force; and, had he ever been called to parliament, such as would have doubtless given him a conspicuous place among the senators of the land.

The same writer alludes to Mr. Gurney as present at an important gathering of a committee for the civilisation of Africa, at which various plans were discussed, to be laid before government—plans involving large interests and outlays, and requiring much experience and sage counsel.

Eminent men were there—Sir R. H. Inglis, Sir T. Acland, Sir T. F. Buxton, and Dr. Lushington,—and amidst these the voice of Mr. Gurney was heard

enunciating his views in his usual frank and impressive manner, and that with a fine bearing, and in such a style as to call forth the admiration of the listeners; competent judges, be it remembered, of true and telling eloquence.

A good specimen of his speeches, although it is not assumed that it is one of the best, is that which is appended to this chapter; but, like all those which are reported, it loses much in the process. The life, the energy, the changing expression of countenance, and the variety of tone, the beaming earnest look, the sparkling eye, no reporter's pen nor artist's pencil could convey. It was on the question of the Caffre war, and was delivered at the London Tavern, to a numerous assembly.

It is needless now to enter into the question of that bloody and disastrous war in Caffreland, which must, whatever may be our views of the justice and expediency of peace principles, be considered as a blot on the page of our nation's history, and must fill the soul alike with horror and compassion.

A report of the speech appeared in the *Patriot*, November 13th, 1851, from which a few extracts will suffice :—

"A public meeting was held on Tuesday evening last, at the London Tavern, to investigate the causes of, and to consider a remedy for, the deplorable war now prevailing in South Africa. The large room was densely crowded.

"Samuel Gurney, Esq., took the chair at half-past six, and after a few introductory words, said, A meeting has

been called by the Aborigines' Protection Society and Peace Society unitedly, to consider the subject of the disastrous war that is now raging within the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, with their neighbours the Caffres. In that war I have no hesitation in saying that there does exist an awful infringement of the principles of both these Societies which have thus called us together. I think they have done right in thus securing an occasion on which to put forth their sentiments to the public, and which I believe to be very important as touching the welfare of the people of the colony, whom I, for one, desire should be our neighbours and friends. I do not pretend to say that the Caffres have not, in many instances, infringed the rules of propriety, possibly to a degree which, according to the views of many men, may warrant what may be termed (I do not like the word punishment,) but at least prevention of its continuance. I do not profess to know very minutely the history of our Cape colony, or its origin. But I know that there have been a succession of wars between the British colonists and the Caffres; and as long ago as 1835, my friend William Allen, whose name will always be held in high honour in this as well as other countries, said to me that if the system of coercion then in force were continued, a war would certainly arise, and that the consequences would be awful. I deeply regret that the system to which he referred has continued to be in force, and not only so, but that it has from time to time been increased, and the result has been not only one but several wars . . . . . .

"In 1836, the governor of that day, in a war which then arose, took possession of a certain territory to the east of the river Kye, and called it Queen Adelaide—a disgrace to a name that has ever been dear and honoured in our country. To the lasting honour of King William IV., the news no sooner reached him, than he refused to

accept the territory thus acquired, and at once ordered the governor to give it back to the people to whom it belonged. On that memorable occasion, truth, righteousness, mercy, and good policy were for once followed, and the effect was a great diminution of the evils which had previously existed between the colonists and Caffres. In 1846 a different course was adopted, and has, I believe, been continued ever since. Recourse has always been had to force to give the Caffres civilisation, or what we call civilisation; I won't say Christianity, for a greater perversion of Christianity, in my opinion, cannot exist. The inevitable consequences of this course have been continual irritation to the natives, and deep regret to the friends of humanity. I say it with regret, and yet I believe it to be true; I trust it may not, and I will therefore only ask the question — Is it true that a governor of the British colony of the Cape has actually put his foot on the neck of a chief of that country? Is it possible that such an act could have been perpetrated? Will such conduct produce those sentiments which we are anxious to see prevail in the colony? I trust that this, which has been stated as a fact, may not be such; but I *fear* it is.

"Then, again, what are the words—I trust they were not the words—said to have been used by a British governor? And here I must refer to a pamphlet; though, as a general rule, I do not like to refer to pamphlets. Is it possible, I ask, that a British governor could have used the words which I am about to read, in an official document? 'I will expel for ever those treacherous savages, whom I will destroy and exterminate.' Is that language to be used by a representative of this people of England? Now I venture to say, that, if the mind of the people of this country could be taken on this point, there would not be one out

of a million found to sanction it. I should be glad to believe that such language was not used; but it is set down here, in the book which I hold in my hand, in quotation marks, and I am afraid that it may be true that a British governor used the words. Is it not a sad thing that such expressions should go forth from a representative of our nation towards a people who ought to be, and who might be, our friends and allies and good customers. Let me for a moment touch upon the expense of all this: although the question of mere money may be the lowest view in which we can look at the subject, it is far from unimportant. The war in which we are now engaged will cost an immense sum of money. I have heard it estimated at *three millions;* but I trust that this is very much beyond the mark. But supposing that it is only one million sterling, what shall we obtain in return, even if we succeed in recovering the territory sought to be obtained? Next to nothing, if not worse than nothing. It is an utterly bad appropriation of the money of the realm. I am sure that the people of England, could their voices be heard, would deeply deplore their money being so spent. . . . . .

"There is one other point to which I will refer. It is a matter of real sorrow to me, and I think extremely bad policy, that all our governors at the Cape, and the agents we have employed to make peace if possible, have all been military men. I am quite satisfied that if you will employ such men, that their reliance will, in almost all cases, be upon the sword, and that you will never effect an honourable peace by such means. And is it proper, is it right, that the power of the sword be looked to and trusted in, rather than the power of Christian conduct, manifested in a friendly and mutual negotiation. I do think that the British Government has made a very great mistake in employing only military men for governors

and such-like offices, instead of men engaged in commerce —men of common life; or rather let us say, and above all, men of Christian principle, who are fully sensible of the fact that there is in Christianity that which is applicable to the policy of common life, and not to large matters alone, but to our domestic concerns.

"The question of war, my friends, is a very difficult one to deal with; and therefore I do not think it good policy to argue the question before us to-night on the broad ground of the Peace Society. Some here may not be able to go to the same length with myself and many of my friends. Let us argue it, then, on ground where we are all agreed. It is admitted by the great body of the people of this country that war is a grave evil, and fraught with difficulties; while, however, it is necessary on some occasions. Now I am not prepared to take that as my principle, but I believe it would be safe to take it as the basis of the argument at present.

"I believe that the history of our connection with the Caffres will fully prove that the use of the sword was the worst possible policy that could have been had recourse to. In illustration of this, I may just turn to a paragraph in the despatch of Lord Glenelg, written in 1835, when he gave up the territory to which I have already referred, at the command of King William. He says that, 'in our relations with the aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa, we have not yet tried the efficiency of a systematic and persevering adherence to justice, conciliation, and forbearance, with honest efforts by which civilisation may be advanced, and Christianity diffused amongst them. But such a system must be immediately established, and rigidly enforced.' Now, my friends, this is the point to which we want to come: we want to throw entirely on one side those atrocious sentiments which I read to you

at the beginning of my remarks, touching the extermination of that unfortunate race, the dwellers in South Africa, and to substitute them with such as those enumerated by Lord Glenelg, believing that this policy is the only one that can be adopted with Christian propriety, and that it will certainly tend to the prosperity and stability of the colony."

CHAPTER V.

CHANGES—DINNER TO THE OFFICERS OF THE NIGER EXPEDITION AT HAM HOUSE—FAMILY LOVE—KINDNESS TO CHILDREN—VISIT TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS—THE QUEEN DOWAGER AND MR. GURNEY.

Time had done its accustomed work in the family of Samuel Gurney, and although hitherto in his immediate household the angel of life had been more frequent in its visits than the angel of death, yet relative sorrows and bereavements incident to all large circles, must of necessity frequently have called forth the sympathies of one so largely possessed as he was of social affections.

In the early part of 1837, Mr. Joseph John Gurney announced his intention to leave England, on a religious visit to America. His departure from England took place in the summer of the same year, and in the autumn of 1840 Mr. Gurney had the joy of welcoming his long-absent brother to English shores again. A peaceful and most joyous reunion it was, a season of family refreshment, and a repose before many trials yet hidden from their view.

The summer of 1840 had been a time of active preparation for the celebrated Niger expedition, a subject into which Mr. Gurney very warmly entered. It was, as is well known, a darling project of Sir T. F. Buxton's, and the co-operation and hearty sympathy of

his brother-in-law were extremely valuable. Indeed, to his mercantile mind, the idea of introducing civilisation by means of legitimate commerce was highly promising, and he never ceased to take a deep interest in the traffic of Western Africa. The charge of the expedition, and the command of three iron steamers, fitted out for the voyage, was committed to Captain Henry Dundas Trotter, Commander William Allen, and Commander Bird Allen. These gentlemen, in conjunction with Mr. William Cook, the well-known captain of the *Cambria*, were empowered to make treaties with the native chiefs for the abolition of the slave trade. The African Civilisation Society also engaged several scientific men to accompany the expedition, the object of which was to explore the great artery of Western Africa, the river Niger, to examine the capabilities of the country along its banks and to clear the road for commercial enterprise. The agricultural experiment, and the proposition to purchase a tract of land in a healthy situation, were adopted, and, on the 14th of April, 1841, the expedition was to sail.

Early in the March of that year, Mr. Gurney invited a large party of the officers of the Niger expedition to take a farewell dinner with him at Upton; an interesting account of which gathering has been preserved.

"The room filled rapidly, and to overflowing at last. Sir T. F. Buxton taking on himself the chief of the intro-

ductions, leading up the guests as they arrived to Mrs. Gurney.

"The Ashantee Princes were present. Captain William Allen, editor of 'Views on the Niger,' Sir E. Parry, Captain and Mrs. Trotter, Sir R. H. Inglis, and many more. After dinner, Mr. Gurney made one of his most hearty speeches of welcome, with sincere expressions of interest in the success of the expedition, and a well merited eulogium on the noble volunteers in so hazardous an enterprise.

"Sir R. H. Inglis followed, and said he considered it the greatest undertaking, not excepting that over which Sir E. Parry presided, which had ever been entered upon."

The account concludes thus:—

"He was followed by Sir E. Parry, and soon after they joined the ladies in the drawing-room. When they were seated, Mr. Gurney made a very suitable commencement, by reading the last chapter of the 1st of Thessalonians very impressively; and, after a short silence, Mrs. Fry addressed us most appropriately, and finished by offering a beautiful and very touching prayer for those who were to be left desolate.

"The scene was most interesting; the room filled chiefly with men—both of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and those who were about to enter upon it, and those also very new to life. I never remember to have been more struck with any company: the young and the strong man, the veteran and the hoary-headed, all bowed under the solemn truths of the gospel, poured forth in sweet accents from a woman's mouth. All were evidently delighted, one of the younger men remarking to S——, 'I suppose this is a privilege you often partake of; but it has been a great and rare treat

to us.' It was nearly eleven before they dispersed, all much pleased with their evening."

Another letter states that Mr. Gurney spoke admirably, mentioning the expedition as the only one which had gone out with purely philanthropic and religious objects.

The sequel of this expedition is well known. At the time of its origination it had its bitter opponents —but, although fraught with sorrow and disappointment, it can scarcely be called a failure. Seed was sown at that time. The principles of humanity were expounded, and received well by the chiefs; and all classes, Captain William Allen asserts, earnestly desired the presence of British influence, as the surest means of ameliorating their condition and procuring a cessation of their many desolating wars.

The climate, however, thwarted their efforts: forty-one persons, amongst whom was Captain Bird Allen, fell victims to the African fever.

We may quote the words of a contemporary writer in praise of the scheme :—

"The expedition possessed all that modern science and human skill, undaunted courage and determined enterprise, could minister to its success. To its officers and men, dead as well as living, the highest credit appears due. They conquered all but impossibilities; nature they could not conquer."

The disappointment, and above all the loss of so many valuable lives, were severe trials to Sir

Fowell Buxton. He rarely permitted himself to speak of it, and his health, which had for some time been failing, now rapidly gave way. Yet fervent were his prayers, and strong his confidence, that this seeming failure might, in God's providence, be made an ultimate benefit to Africa; and the event has proved that his confidence was not unfounded.

How cheering, through all the vicissitudes of the expedition, were the sympathy and practical aid of Mr. Gurney to Sir Fowell Buxton, he often testified.

"I am glad," he wrote to his brother-in-law, "that Africa has a friend like you, able and willing to give."

Again, the high appreciation in which Sir F. Buxton held the generous aid of Mr. Gurney, is illustrated by a striking remark in a letter from his eldest daughter to Mrs. Gurney:—

"When Sir Fowell called on one occasion, on the Secretary of State, in reference to the Niger expedition, and found the government, as he thought, somewhat niggardly, he exclaimed, 'Well; I go into the City, and I see brokers who behave like princes; and I come to Downing Street, and see princes who behave like brokers!'"

It may be added that a second expedition was sent up the Niger and Tshadda in 1854, which, profiting by the experience of the preceding one, was accomplished without a casualty.

"The reception," writes the Rev. S. Crowther, "we met with all along from the kings and chiefs of the

countries on the Tshadda, was beyond expectation. The natives had been disappointed that the expedition of 1841 had not been followed up. They were anxious for trade, desirous of intercourse with Europeans, and willing to receive teachers and missionaries among them."

The government have recently decided on sending a steamer every year, for five years, up the river, to keep it open, to foster the trade, and to give the natives assurance of protection and support.

There is abundant promise that negro-traders from Sierra Leone will, under these circumstances, form settlements on the river, and that, in course of time, an extensive commerce in palm oil, cotton and ivory, may arise on the ruins of the slave-trade, and materially tend to promote the blessings of civilisation and Christianity.

In 1845 the death of Sir Fowell Buxton occurred, and the same year Elizabeth Fry was called to rest from her labours. The latter event is thus alluded to by Mr. Gurney, in a communication, dated Ramsgate, Tenth Month 4th, 1845:—

"I arrived here after a sad journey, but not until late, and the deeply affecting intelligence met me at the Albion. After breakfast I came to this sad house, and entered the mournful scene. It is touching in the extreme, viewing the earthly remains of one so tenderly beloved, and whose stream of life has run so parallel with my own for so many years. Her work is finished; and marvellously faithful has she been in the performance of it from early life. I can only say, may the voyage of my

life end in the same glorious harbour that she has undoubtedly entered."

A little more than another year and we find Mr. Gurney again a mourner. Already four of the band of seven sisters had passed away. The friend almost of a lifetime—Sir T. F. Buxton—was gone, and now, in the calm and beautiful stillness of death, during the winter sleep of nature, amidst the leafless trees of his Earlham home, lay the much-loved and honoured brother, Joseph John Gurney. Mr. Gurney writes of this occasion as one that knew no parallel in his life:—

"I was greatly shaken," he says, "on my arrival last night, (the 4th of January,) to find my beloved and honoured brother gone;—gone to that haven of rest and peace promised to those who faint not, but follow the Lord Jesus Christ to the end. It is to me, however, a *very* deep sorrow, and shakes me to a degree not before experienced. I do not mean bodily, but as relates to all earthly things. On my arrival, I found a peaceful feeling pervading the house..... He last walked into his dressing-room in the morning, and never returned to his room."

And again, on the 6th, another letter to his wife states:—

"I am calmed, but continue very sorrowful, beyond all former experience. I read (at the family worship) a chapter in Isaiah, the same chosen the last morning at which *he* was present; also a hymn—'The Death of a Christian!' This was followed by a prayer from F. Cunningham; then by our beloved sister C——, in

ministry. It was a favoured, but very touching opportunity. We passed yesterday afternoon quietly, but sorrowfully. There is a universal feeling of solemn sorrow spread over the neighbourhood—the shops of Norwich being generally shut."

How beautifully, doubtless, were the truths contained in those sweet lines, read by Samuel Gurney at that solemn season, realized in the experience of his deceased brother. We can almost fancy we hear the deep tones of his voice, chastened and somewhat softened by affliction, as he read:—

"Rejoice for a brother deceas'd;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from his bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above:
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

"Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore;
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is passed:
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last."

On the funeral day, as Samuel Gurney stood beside that brother's grave, his hair even then silvered over, and the light of his eye subdued, one was reminded of the last tree of the forest, and, noble as the tree still was, could not but anticipate that its day too might not be far off. Happy as the domestic circumstances of Samuel Gurney were—his own immediate circle at Ham House never yet, with the exception of a little grandchild, having been visited by death—it was, doubtless, a sore trial to his affectionate nature to feel that those friends and companions who had gone hand in hand with him so long on life's journey had thus left him to tread it almost alone. But the bright example of their holy and self-denying lives animated and strengthened him on his way; and it seemed as if, on ascending to the skies, their mantles had fallen on him; for he knew no weariness in well-doing, and from that time it may be said that his activity rather increased than abated with declining years, and that he did indeed strive to follow those who, through faith and patience, had inherited the promises.

Meanwhile, amidst many trials, his large family of children had continued to prosper, and were most of them happily married and settled in life, whilst the tender mother of those children still remained to be to the children's children a mother once again.

We have hitherto seen little of Samuel Gurney at home. Yet it was there and in his paternal capacity that he eminently shone, and in the little, no less

than in the greater duties of life, he adorned his Christian profession.

One cannot pass by this portion of his history in silence, it is so exquisitely tender and fraught with so much interest. And although, perhaps, some who take up these simple records may lay down the book with a smile, not unmixed with contempt, that such trifles should be deemed worthy to hold a place in a printed volume, we may remind such, that more celebrated men than the banker of Lombard Street have been caught at a game on all fours with their children, and that those whose voices have shaken Christendom have been known to rock the cradle of an infant, and to rejoice in the development of baby life.

Among so many simple memorials of that fatherly love, selection becomes difficult; but there is not one of his nine children who could not have furnished many an interesting detail of his family life and domestic virtues.

When we recall certain pictures of home, and those not to be sought alone in the upper circles of society, where the father is more of a stranger to his child than the very gardener or lacquey; when we see the formal introduction to the dining-room at dessert, or the hushed participation of the more substantial meal, where the children are taught to be "seen and not heard;" the morning kiss ere the gentleman of business or pleasure goes on his day's engagements, or the evening good-night, with the

cold word of censure, maybe of some reported fault—just a mere recognition of paternal duty, a conscience-queller to some voice within which tells the father that the child is his own, given him to train for eternity; when we remember all this—and, alas! the picture is not coloured—we can but turn right joyously to scenes in the Upton home, where the man who but the hour before looked as though the trifles of child-life could have no place in his thoughts evermore, was welcomed by his children rejoicing in the very sound of his voice, and in the very name of *father*.

We see him at the end of a long dining-table at Ham House, smiling brightly around, and after seating his various guests, retaining one little fair-haired daughter by his side, and giving her the honour of cutting the tart or preparing the fruit.

This same daughter being his own special messenger, was always rewarded with sundry pence, and partaking so far of her parent's business of mind as actually to keep a bill against him with many curious items—how great a contrast to the Lombard Street bills over which the same eye had run an hour or two before!—

	s.	*d.*
"Reading thirty pages at ½*d.* . .	1	3
Peeling an apple	0	1
Lighting a fire	0	1" &c. &c.

With unmixed pleasure was the sound of the carriage wheels always heard, announcing the father's

return from London! and little did some of the City men with whom he had so lately mingled imagine how anxious was Samuel Gurney to fulfil his home engagements, the promised walk in winter with his dear girls before the dinner hour, or to join them in the survey of garden and park in the pleasant spring season.

Nothing that affected them was trifling in his eyes; he viewed the different indications of their characters in early life as matters of the deepest interest, and was ever more ready to commend than to blame. And if there were faults to name, "how deep, how solemn, were his outpourings of sorrow, yet of sympathy with the offender," one of his daughters says she can never forget. His grief, not his anger, was their severest punishment. Yes, the rule of the Upton household was a rule of love; and so successful was it, that another of his children remarks, "I do not, really, remember caring for *any* thing which he disliked or disapproved."

Fathers and mothers! here is a fine comment, in few, simple words, on the law of kindness. Win *love* and respect, and obedience is secure. Tastes are not to be forced, but gently directed. "I love that which my father loves, because I love my father," may apply to higher things than mere earthly affections. A great step is taken in the religious education of our beloved ones, when we have secured their perfect love.

"I never met with a cool welcome, however tired

my father might be," says a younger daughter. "He could not hear a child cry with indifference; such a sound often brought him into the nursery to soothe the grief with his honied words." He was not a mere moraliser on childish grief, this good father. Miserable comforters, these philosophic parents! No, he was, as this same daughter remarks, "my true comforter and sympathiser;" and again "in illness, his tenderness and discernment were unequalled." This peculiar and rare gift of good nursing was often experienced, not only by his own children in the days of his manly vigour, but when age crept upon him he has been known to leave his bed four or five times, for many successive nights, to look at a sick grandchild, a helpless infant, liking to give it food and medicine himself, in his own loving and winning manner.

This love for children, so characteristic of the great and good, was not confined to those of his own family. In the different schools, especially those belonging to the Society of which he was a member, his presence was ever hailed as a signal for some treat. One school especially, in the neighbourhood of London, shared often in the hospitable kindness of the master of Ham House; and the boys who were punctual in returning to school on the day of its re-assembling, were rewarded by an invitation to dine with him that day month, when his face used to beam with joy as he saw the lads running wild over the grounds, free from the restraints and disci-

pline of school life, or joyfully rambling through his park and gardens. He used to like to see his young nephews and friends too, on their return to his neighbourhood for the holidays, but was not by any means exacting in his requirements. One thing he used to say, he did wish them to come and say "Farewell." The greeting on their return home he was willing to excuse, but he had always something to say to them before the school life began again. It is probable that the boys received something besides golden *words* and stimulating counsel on these occasions, and that the hand did not often close empty after one of those hearty shakes which Samuel Gurney could so well give.

In the year 1849, an interesting little episode occurred in his life, during a visit to Tunbridge Wells, to which place his youngest daughter, then in delicate health, had been ordered for change of air.

His love to his children in health could only be surpassed by his extreme tenderness towards them in the hour of sickness and trial. He never forgot when they were married, that he was their father still; business never detained him long from their couch of suffering, and his numberless little attentions at such times have soothed many a weary hour.

It was during this visit to the Calverley Hotel, that the Queen Dowager, Adelaide, also became an inmate of the house; and one day, whilst at his post beside his daughter's bed, a tap at the door was heard, and in a moment Queen Adelaide herself, who had pre-

viously shewn some kind attention to the party, entered; she walked up to the bed, took the hand of the sufferer, and kindly and affectionately bent her looks of compassionate interest on the young face. The interview was a very gratifying one, and as Mr. Gurney conducted the venerable queen to her own apartments, she said how pleased she had been to make his acquaintance, and that of Mrs. Gurney.

In a day or two she brought Louis Philippe to call, and the Queen of the French was very chatty with Mr. Gurney about his sister Elizabeth Fry, and her "excellente vie:" whilst the ex-king expressed the deep sympathy he had felt with the family in her irreparable loss. The Duc and Duchesse D'Aumale stood at the door all the time, wondering not a little, our informant says, to whom the royal party were all so polite, not having heard the king's whispered question on the entrance, whether it were "le Quaker Gurney?"

The kindness and attention of the Queen Dowager to the invalid were unceasing, and her pleasant little visits, so friendly and unaffected, although preserving her queenly dignity throughout, were very cheering. She was always free and communicative at such times, and gentleness and sympathy itself.

On the return of the family to Upton, in compliance with Queen Adelaide's desire, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney visited her at Bushey. She was very affable, and made them heartily welcome, talking to Mrs. Gurney, with true womanly instinct, of her little

daughter, who died at three months old—of whom she showed her a statue; mentioned a fearful storm which had happened the day before, and said, she always felt safer and happier on sea during a tempest than on land, because, human help being so utterly in vain, she had a more lively sense of being under God's care, which, though equally certain on shore, she did not so realise.

She talked to Mr. Gurney of the long-ago annoyances and anxieties during the Reform Bill excitements, and the unpopularity she and the King encountered; then, wishing to show her visitors the grounds, they all set forth in a little procession of open carriages, drawn by bay ponies, the queen quite enjoying to point out the beauties of park and pheasantry, as well as of the greenhouse, and pleased to give Mr. Gurney cuttings of her choicest geraniums; and when they left, after a long visit, expressed a hope to see them again, with their daughter R——, whose illness at Tunbridge Wells she remembered with much interest.

The second visit never took place, owing to the increased illness and subsequent death of the venerable queen shortly after.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUR TO IRELAND — EXTRACTS FROM MR. GURNEY'S LETTERS—LETTER FROM MRS. OPIE—ANECDOTE—LOVE OF UNION—BIBLE SOCIETY JUBILEE, ETC.

During the autumn of 1849, Mr. Gurney, accompanied by one of his sons, and other members of his family, made a tour to Ireland; and in the course of the journey, as may readily be conceived, his feelings of compassion and interest were deeply moved on behalf of the starving population, still under dreadful suffering from the pressure of want during the memorable year of scarcity which had passed. Traces of his liberality were not wanting as he journeyed from place to place, and the memory of that visit to Ireland cannot yet have faded from the minds of many who saw and knew the extent of his benevolence.

At Dublin we find him at one time entertained with every mark of respect by the Lord Lieutenant, and on another occasion amidst the little Irish children of the Model School, smiling kindly at the 1300 pupils, and charming them—less, perhaps, by his parting address, appropriate and winning as the speech was, than by the announcement of his intended gift of threepence to every child in the

upper school, and twopence to every infant. The cheering is reported to have been enthusiastic, although the master—who appears to have little calculated the resources of a London banker—gravely thought it would cost a great deal; more perhaps, than the English gentleman imagined.

An extract or two from some of the few letters preserved during this journey, may be interesting. One is dated from Ballina; written at an inn, which he describes as a rambling Paddy hotel, where "dirt is more prevalent than shoes:"—

"This place—Ballina—suffered much from the famine, and even now the whole population, poor and rich, are still feeling its effects. We see close by this town a large number of cottages unroofed and empty; unroofed on purpose to drive the population out of them. Many have wandered away, many are dead, and many in the Union House. In consequence of the number of poor, and their not being able to pay rates, the Union House is bankrupt. I found an execution put into it, and all the stock, furniture, &c., is to be sold off this week, when the poor people will have to lie on straw, and the guardians must feed them as well as they can."

There is no mention in any of Mr. Gurney's correspondence with his friends in England, of the benevolent act which followed. The thought of mercy must surely have been in his heart, however, when he penned the above lines. The contemplation of the destitution which the wretched inmates of Ballina Union would endure, if their

beds and furniture were really seized for debt, so touched his heart, that he bought the whole of the furniture for £200, that, being his own property, it might be saved from the hands of the creditors. These are the facts of the case, which were somewhat over-stated in the *Illustrated London News* of July 5th, 1856. The benevolent feeling was the same; but the judgment exercised in the present instance was greater than would have been the case, had he, from a merely generous impulse, discharged the whole debts of one Union at such a time of universal distress and pressure. Again he writes:—

"There are many indications of the late famine to be observed. The country-people having exhausted their property, have very little to carry to their weekly markets, which have become poorly supplied and thinly attended. This place did export large quantities of oats, and now it has to import large quantities of Indian corn, &c.; being forced to pay for the imports, instead of receiving money for the exports, is a fearful drain upon a country already so much exhausted. Poverty appears to reign triumphant in this afflicted district; neither do I see much relief at hand, the famine has so destroyed everything.

"The system of *given* relief, without which, however, many would have starved, confirms idle, thriftless habits, and neutralizes the natural powers of the people, which ought to be, and in a large degree might be, stimulated to bring about gradually a better state of things.

"Generally speaking, we have been fairly accommodated. It certainly would not suit thee to drive up to one of these dreary hotels, where the women, many of them are without shoes—the passages apparently never

washed—the furniture old and shabby. This is discouraging at first; but give them a little time, the room lighted, &c., and things wear a better aspect. The linen is invariably clean, and the beds comfortable."

A little later he writes from Balinasloe, and reports an interesting tour through the Western part of the County of Galway:—

"We found, on our arrival at Clifden, that a meeting of the Bible Society was being held in a neighbouring school-room. We went there and were much interested. Three clergymen were present, and their statements of the number of conversions from Popery were very striking. The famine in many places appears to have had the effect of shaking dependence on the priests. The gentleman in the chair, Dr. A——, invited us to dinner: we accepted his invitation, and found ourselves in a very agreeable family. . . . . .

"When at B——, I forgot to say that I called on the Roman Catholic bishop. I did not like his appearance, which was certainly not one of spirituality, or that which appears to me episcopal. At Westport we met, at the hotel, the Protestant Bishop of Tuam, and I really felt there was much of the true bishop in him, and the sweetness of his spirit might be felt.

"From Clifden went to Ballignahuish, the residence formerly of Martin (the Member of Parliament so active in his efforts against practices of cruelty to animals), and the visit here interested me a good deal on many grounds, and brought thee and thy interest strongly to my mind."*

* The tender-hearted wife of Mr. Gurney, to whom the letter is addressed, was deeply interested in this subject.

"It is a fine but desolate country, on a beautiful lake. The house is just now occupied as an hotel.

"All the district from Ballina to Galway suffered severely from the famine, the marks of which are still distinct. The population is greatly reduced, a vast many houses are in ruins, and a very general poverty prevails. Indeed to the eye the whole district, with all its natural beauties, is one of great desolation. The Union-houses are very full, many hundreds of children in all, and many about the country bearing marks of very inadequate food.

"In the Union-houses the children just come in could easily be distinguished from the others, by their emaciated appearance. No poor houses were adequate to the demands upon them, and large warehouses (become useless from the destructive effects of the scarcity,) are made auxiliary workhouses, and are full of paupers. All this cast a very sombre effect over this part of our journey, and alloyed the pleasure we should otherwise have had from the charms of this magnificent scenery."

There is no note of any of Samuel Gurney's contributions to the relief of this suffering, and it is worthy of remark that in his gifts generally he was quiet and unostentatious; his left hand often knowing not what his right hand did, in as much as many of his immediate family were scarcely aware of the extent and amount of his charities.

A letter from Mrs. Opie, addressed to Mrs. Gurney shortly after, refers to her husband's visit to Ireland, extracts from which are subjoined:—

"Castle Meadow (Norwich,) Tenth Month 4th, 1849.

"My dear Friend,

"I have been for many months going to write to thee to congratulate thee on several occasions, but I have not

done so, from indolence probably, or other causes; and now lately, however, I have a fresh opportunity to congratulate thee, and I will not pass it by in silence.

"Thy husband's return home from Ireland, and the manner in which he and his son were received there, is, I am sure, a cause of congratulation to thee and thy whole family, and I heartily unite in your well-grounded satisfaction.

"General Shaldham, a *never seen* but regular correspondent of mine since the famine, who lives near Cork, writes thus to me in his last letter:—

"'The mention made in the papers of your friend Mr. Gurney's Irish travels, has put us all on the *qui vive*, and we are not without hopes of seeing such a distinguished character in the far West. Though not fond of pageantry, he and all the other munificent members of his persuasion ought to have triumphal arches erected wherever he goes, as a mark of gratitude from the poor of this country.

"'During the famine nothing came near the donations of the Quakers of England; their exertions have never ceased since.' This we knew before, but it is pleasant to hear it from an Irish resident.

". . . . . Sir Edward Buxton, who, with his dear wife, called on me twice on their way to L———, told me that the party were everywhere received in Ireland in the most flattering manner . . . .

"Thine, &c.

"Amelia Opie."

An extract from an Irish paper of 1849 may be interesting, as referring to Mr. Gurney's journey:—

"It was really beautiful to see this excellent man, whose monetary transactions are said to exceed those of

any single individual in the mighty British empire, address himself to the task of questioning those humble children in the simplest elements of knowledge, with as much earnestness and interest as if his life had no other object than the good work of educating the poor. He had previously visited the schools of the National Board in Dublin, and, like our gracious Queen, and every other really unprejudiced person, who impartially examines these institutions, was at once struck with the admirable adaptation of the system there pursued to the peculiar circumstances of this country. In passing through Larne, he accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, Charles M'Garel, Esq., who has been all along a steady and zealous supporter of the Larne schools, and who accompanied Mr. Gurney to visit these establishments. To those who are at all acquainted with Larne, it need not be told, that no school in Ireland more fully or more happily exemplifies the principles and chief aim in the National System of Education, than does the Larne school. There are five distinct denominations of Christians at Larne, all forming large congregations, and having separate places of worship; yet the Larne school finds zealous supporters amongst the members of each and all of them; and to the children of the poorer classes belonging to each, it furnishes a sound moral and secular education, without sectarianism, or interference with the religious peculiarities of any. It may well be supposed, that a system based on such principles of religious forbearance, without the least promise of religious conviction, fully harmonized with the views of such a truly Christian philanthropist as Mr. Gurney, whose grand principle of religious action is, as he himself expressed it, 'love to all.' After quitting the schools, with the conduct and management of which he expressed himself highly pleased, he, and the members

of his family by whom he was accompanied, including his son-in-law, Sir Edward Buxton, adjourned to the Magheramorne, where they spent the remainder of the day with its hospitable owner. The appearance of comfort and well-being which the tenantry and labourers on Mr. M'Garel's well-managed estate exhibited, was a source of true gratification to those benevolent strangers, who had not ventured to anticipate such evidences of comfort in any part of Ireland. Mr. Gurney purposes visiting the west of Ireland, and judging for himself as to the truth of those representations now so current in England—namely, that no country in Europe, or perhaps in the world, affords such a field for the beneficial, and, at the same time, profitable investment of English capital, as the west and south of Ireland present. Happy, indeed, will it be for Connaught and Munster, if that opinion be confirmed by a judgment so sound and far-sighted as Mr. Gurney's is acknowledged to be. Should he himself be inclined to set the example of such investment, and thereby induce others, like-minded, to come and do likewise, then, indeed, the friends of Ireland might look forward with hope to a new and very different order of things from what has hitherto subsisted in the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland."

Many are the solid remembrances of the more prominent features of Mr. Gurney's charities; but, besides those deeds more generally known to the public, there were many lesser streams of silent benevolence, alike flowing from the fountain of love to God and man, which spread refreshment around. We have already alluded to his kindly aid to many members of his large family connection, but it might

be said, that not only there, but elsewhere, he was wonderfully gifted, not only with the will, but with the power to *help*.

Besides his efficiency in action, his very presence seemed to impart strength, courage and calm, in any emergency, whilst his practical wisdom, his clear and decisive mind, and noble spirit of charity, led many to bring cases of difficulty before him, from experience how sure and effective was his aid. Many a rich man will give a five-pound note rather than five minutes consideration of a difficult matter. It may be truly said of Samuel Gurney, that he loved to do good service, whether by advice or by money—by his sound judgment or well-apportioned aid. Parents who had wild and reckless sons have gone to him with their burdened hearts, and have been sure of ready sympathy and practical help and kindness. He really took trouble to serve his fellow-creatures, and a narration of his mere alms-giving, extensive as it was, would give a very limited idea of the good he effected during the journey of life. He had a kind, delicate way of giving, proving the pleasure which his nature took in the happiness of his fellow-creatures. Trifles often convey great gratification. One of his clerks relates an instance of this nature, which as it evidently has not been too trivial to remember, may not be so to record:—

"One afternoon, as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard Street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game, to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and

took it from him. He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice exclaimed, 'Dost thou know H—'s in Leadenhall Market?' I replied in the affirmative. 'Then go there and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account.'"

We may imagine the turkey thus given to have been well appreciated.

A Friend, intimately acquainted with Mr. Gurney, thus speaks on the same subject:—

"The multitude could estimate the vast extent of his public benefactions; the religious Society of which he was a member could gratefully participate in the generous diffusion of those temporal blessings which his wealth afforded; but there were also many recipients of a warm-hearted and silent benevolence that was unknown to all, save to those who were the sharers in his friendship and bounty. A portion of a letter he addressed to one of these, shows how strongly his mind was imbued with the consciousness that he was but *a steward*, who must give an account of his stewardship, and of the use of those gifts entrusted to his care.

"'The early disciples of our Lord held their property in common. Christians of the present day have not felt it laid upon them to adopt the same practice; but I have often thought that a higher degree than exists of *fellowship* in our good gifts of Providence is desirable, and would be a mark of our Christian disposition one towards another. I have often thought that the same Christian disposition would lead many more readily to receive and to partake of those good gifts of which others are but the stewards, than exists in the minds of some. True Christianity leads to an *enlargement of mind* in these respects. And now, my dear friend, I intend the latter

clause of my lecture to apply to *thee*, for I incline to the opinion that thou art *deficient* in that virtue; and thus, having given thee the lecture, I now proceed to tell thee my views and wishes about thee.' "

The letter concludes with his liberal intentions towards the person to whom it was addressed.

How striking an example of the character of the steward of God does this letter manifest: how easily to be distinguished are these and similar acts of Christian charity, from the spurious liberality which gives only because *not* to give would lose favour in the eyes of men. "Verily, such have their reward."

Consistently with the feeling of stewardship which actuated so many of his deeds, he was by no means an indiscriminate almsgiver. He was *just* in his charities; not impulsively nor lavishly giving, but duly considering, not what he was inclined to give, but in what way his money, God's sacred trust to him, would be most beneficial to his fellow-creatures. Many of the schemes of benevolence in his own immediate neighbourhood proved considerable judgment, as well as kind consideration, and had generally for their object, not the immediate relief of present pressure alone, but the future good of the recipients of his bounty. To help the poor man to help himself, is a principle too often overlooked in our public and private benefactions. There is a charity both noxious and degrading; a system of gifts among our poor which smothers the manly independence

of our nature, and sows the seeds of thriftless idleness.

The detail of Mr. Gurney's plans in his own particular neighbourhood would scarcely afford sufficient variety, or perhaps of actual originality, for insertion here; but they were marked by the same good sense and well-proportioned kindliness of heart which characterised all his actions. The allotment of small plots of land, let at a low rent to the industrious labourer, in the vicinity of Ham House, answered well. Another judicious mode of aiding the very poor, during the late years of high prices, was by distributing tickets, through the district visitors, which authorised the holders to buy bread at the ordinary price of cheaper times, he paying the difference to the bakers. The list of public charities to which Samuel Gurney so largely contributed would not be difficult to make, but a record would scarcely be interesting. He had, truly, abundant calls on his abundant means; and whenever the cause was one unconnected with party feeling, and not involving the question of religious liberty or principle, there his co-operation was sure to be hearty, and his donation princely.

To the British and Foreign School Society he was a faithful friend; and on the decease of William Allen, in 1843, he succeeded him in the office of treasurer. He lived to be the oldest member on the committee, and continued his warm interest in the Society until his failing health obliged him to with-

draw, alike from the engagements of business and benevolence. The following testimonial is taken from the *Educational Record*:—

"At a meeting of the general committee of the British and Foreign School Society, held at the Society's house, Friday, June 20th, 1856; R. Forster, Esq., in the chair: The attention of the committee having been called to the mournful intelligence received since the last meeting, of the death of the treasurer, it was resolved, on the motion of J. Corderoy, Esq., seconded by Hugh Owen, Esq., that the following record be entered on the minutes:—'Died at Paris, on the 5th instant, in the seventy-first year of his age, Samuel Gurney, Esq., one of the earliest supporters of the society, and during the last thirteen years its honoured and able treasurer. Of Mr. Gurney, as a Christian philanthropist, it is not needful to speak. The beneficence that marked his busy life—his strong good sense—his frank bearing—his expansive charities—his ready hand and kindly heart, have long secured for him a lasting place in the affections of the generous and the good; and his private virtues have equally endeared him to those who enjoyed his closer and more familiar friendship.'"

Among many similar objects, one which lay very near his heart during the later days of his life, was that of the various refuges and reformatories, one of which was the "Home in the East." This Home had in view the thousands of friendless lads in our great city, who, having been deserted by their parents, knew no better shelter than that of the prison or police court.

Many a time, as the good man passed in his carriage through the eastern thoroughfare, abounding in gin-shops, and crowded with little ragged children, and their reckless, drunken parents, must his kindly heart have ached at the contrast between their condition and that of the better clad and better cared-for children in the more immediate neighbourhood of his own peaceful home. "The Home in the East" is an industrial school and dormitory, into which thirty-five poor lads have been received, fed, clothed, and taught some useful trade.

"'I am prepared to say,' said he, when advocating the claims of this Refuge, 'that there is nothing which exerts so powerful an influence upon the hardest hearts as *Christian kindness*. The most hopeless, the most abandoned, those whom no prison discipline could control, have been subdued by its law.'"

Well indeed could the speaker, at the close of his long life, bear witness to the truth, that the law of kindness and of mercy had, in his own experience, and in that of his fellow-labourers now entered into rest, been an invincible weapon; and doubtless he is now rejoicing with them in the success of those efforts which had caused the chords of tenderness and sympathy to vibrate in many a human soul, and had wooed the hitherto hardened offender to softer and tenderer feelings.

The interest which Mr. Gurney took in the Bible Society, both in his own neighbourhood and other places, was considerable. It was to him peculiarly

dear, and its catholicity of principles commended itself with no common degree to his noble heart. On one occasion, the jubilee of the society, he invited the foreign agents to a social dinner at Ham House, and, previously to the business of the evening, twenty-four sate down at his hospitable board. A letter, too long for insertion, describes this memorable and interesting occasion.

All the local Bible committee were there in the evening, the clergy and dissenting ministers of the parish, and the face of Mr. Gurney was radiant with delight at the union and cordial feeling which prevailed. All seemed happy and friendly together, under the influence of the spirit of that Bible which may truly be called the peacemaker.

Many a heart-stirring tale was told that night of the work carried on in the East, Africa, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy, and one of the agents reported of the thousands of Bibles which were sent out of Austria on mules, under the guard of a strong mounted police. All went on admirably; it was a meeting after Samuel Gurney's own heart, and very pleasant will its memory be to those foreign agents in their laborious lives—a green spot of refreshment to their souls in times of weariness and discouragement.

An extract from a letter of a valued friend of Mr. Gurney's, the late Mr. William Forster, whose life of usefulness and self-denying devotion was suddenly cut short during a visit to America, will suitably conclude this chapter. The letter was addressed to his wife from

Tenessee and was dictated in a time of great weakness, and in the solemn prospect of speedy death.

" My dear, my faithful, tender, generous friend, Samuel Gurney, was to me more almost than I can mention. It touches me so much to think of all his real kindness manifested to me throughout this concern. What I should, what I could have done without it, I know not. Our last half-hour together at Norwich is about as much now as I can allow myself to think of."

CHAPTER VII.

THE INFANT COLONY OF LIBERIA—MR. GURNEY'S INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT—LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ROBERTS —MR. GURNEY'S LETTER—EFFORTS FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, ETC.

The little African republic of Liberia has of late years excited considerable interest in our country, and it is no matter of surprise, therefore, that Mr. Gurney, the known friend of the slave and the foe of oppression in every form, should warmly enter into a plan which promised so much for the melioration of that portion of his fellow-creatures who had known the galling chain of slavery. We have seen, indeed, that the charity of Samuel Gurney began at home, but it was an expansive and far-extending spirit; and from the year 1848, when his interest was first awakened in Liberia, he enlisted himself as a firm friend and supporter of this infant commonwealth.

A slight sketch of the past and present condition of Liberia, and of the share which Mr. Gurney may be said to have had in its advancing prosperity, will not perhaps be out of place, and will help to illustrate a great point in his character—namely, the judicious use which he made of the large means which God had given to him.

In most of our modern maps the coast of Upper Guinea is divided into four sections—the Slave, the Gold, the Ivory, and the Grain Coast. The three first-named divisions face to the southward, the line of coast running nearly east and west, and forming the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. But at Cape Palmas, which is the western limit of the Ivory Coast, the line of shore bends to the north-west, facing the Atlantic, and keeps on in this direction beyond Sierra Leone, nearly to the mouth of the river Gambia. The southern portion of this coast, between Cape Palmas and Sierra Leone, is the fertile region formerly known as the Grain Coast. The native inhabitants, though as barbarous in most respects as their neighbours, were somewhat more industrious, being employed in agricultural pursuits. The slave-dealers as well as the honest traders who visited the Guinea Coast, were accustomed to purchase here their supplies of rice, &c. The influence of this trade, but for the counteraction of one yet more powerful, would have been highly beneficial; but, unhappily, the slave-trade was in activity, to the demoralization and almost total extermination of the people. In 1823, shortly after the arrival of the first Liberian colonists on the Grain Coast, the governor of the settlement, in his journey of 150 miles along the coast, found indications to prove how populous the injured and stripped district had been. Now it was nearly desolated of inhabitants, covered with dense forests and bramble thickets, and where along the beautiful river were

scattered in Africa's better days well-filled hamlets, the country lay waste and forsaken. Such was the state of that part of Africa in which the new colony was first founded. It was at first very small in extent, and was obtained by purchase and treaty from the native kings; but it has gradually been enlarged by the same honourable means, and now comprises within its jurisdiction not less than 20,000 square miles—three times the area of Wales, or about equal to two-thirds of that of Scotland. Its population consists of 12,000 colonists from America, all men of colour, with 340,000 natives who have voluntarily placed themselves under the laws of the republic. The slave-trade has been abolished, forests and brambles are gradually disappearing, Christian villages are springing up, and little vessels laden with palm oil, dye woods, rice, coffee, and other productions, now ply along the coast; and the spot where the great slave market of the Grain Coast was once held is now marked by the capital of Liberia, a growing sea-port town of 2000 inhabitants. Stores are built, the sound of the church bell is heard, and schools and charitable associations are prospering. It has its newspaper, its literary institution, its stores, wharves, lighthouse, and court-house, and Monrovia bids fair to take an honourable place in the future history of the State.

The colony had been fostered and controlled up to the year 1847 by the American Colonization Society, and the benevolence of the founders had, at the outset, been admired by many of those who were

nevertheless disposed to doubt its success. But when the anti-slavery question gained ground in the United States, and the number of abolitionists, hitherto small, increased, a strong feeling was aroused against the Colonization Society, and by many, and those among the most logical and enlightened, it was declared to be the worst enemy of the coloured man, whether slave or free. It was, they affirmed, a slaveholders' association, and its real object was to relieve the Slave States of their free coloured population, whose presence alarmed and annoyed the slave owners. The unfortunate creatures, they declared, when committed to the society's charge, were transported to a barbarous and unhealthy coast, and left to perish in misery. By withdrawing the free people of colour from the country, the society would deprive the slaves of the sympathy and assistance of this portion of their race, and render their situation more wretched than ever. These and similar statements were very injurious to the society—the receipts fell off; it became embarrassed, and had to compound with its creditors. The Colony however, revived, and evidences of its progress, notwithstanding the late cloud, became known both in America and England. Sometimes a colonist who had been a little prosperous in Liberia, went over to America and brought back his relatives to the colony. English and American naval officers gave favourable reports of the state of its civilisation, good government and industry. Sometimes a merchant captain, after strolling through the cheerful streets of Monrovia, or dining with some

colonial official, would return home to furnish his friends and the newspapers with a wonderful story of the thriving town of black citizens on the African coast, where no profane word was to be heard, nor could a creature be found, either for love or money, to work on a Sunday.

The first elective institutions of Liberia were simple; but as in twelve years the colony increased and new settlements were founded, it became expedient to unite them all under one system of government, and accordingly a governor was appointed and paid by the society.

Mr. Thomas Buchanan was the first and only white governor who held office in the colony. He entered on his duties in 1839, and died of the African fever in 1841. Mr. Roberts was, at that time, lieutenant-governor, and the official duties devolved on him until a successor should be found.

The experiment which was to test the capacity of a community of that class for self-government may be said to have had its satisfactory solution at that period. The lieutenant-governor was a fair specimen of the class of public men which the new settlement might be expected to produce. He was an intelligent, clear-headed man, and his public documents and despatches have been pronounced as comparing favourably, in point of force of reasoning and clearness of statement, with the best state-papers of our time. His parents were free persons of African descent, and had emigrated to Liberia in 1829.

To detail the history of this interesting colony, and the circumstances which led to its separation from the Colonization Society, at full length, would be foreign to our purpose. In 1848, Mr. Roberts, then governor, paid his first visit to England, and was introduced to Mr. Gurney, who, with many abolitionists, had shared in the prejudices against the old Society, from which, by this time, Liberia was severed. He came with the news that Liberia had established an independent government. "With this new order of things" (we quote President Roberts' own words), "a Christian State had sprung up on the shores of benighted Africa. Now that Liberia was an independent State, struggling to maintain, though an humble, yet an honourable position on the national platform, and with the prospect of accomplishing much good for Africa, Mr. Gurney believed she ought to be sustained by all Christian philanthropists, and with these views he received me most kindly, assuring me of his best wishes for the success of Liberia. He greatly assisted me in the main object of my visit to Europe, viz., to obtain a recognition of the independence of the new State. . . . . Dining one evening with Chevalier Bunsen, in company with Mr. Gurney, and several other gentlemen, the conversation turned on the subject of the slave-trade, and I was mentioning to Lord Ashley (now Lord Shaftesbury) that if Liberia had a little pecuniary assistance to enable her to extend her political jurisdiction over the

territory of Gallenas, a notorious slave-mart near her north-western frontier, she could give an effectual check to the slave-trade on the entire West Coast. On being informed that about *two thousand pounds* would effect this object, his lordship immediately appealed to Mr. Gurney to aid in the desirable effort. Mr. Gurney readily entertained the proposition, and the next day pledged himself for the payment of *one thousand pounds*, on the condition of the purchase of the Gallenas territory and its incorporation with Liberia being effected. The Liberian Government, however, only succeeded in purchasing a portion of the territory, but acquired the right of the remainder, and political jurisdiction over the whole."

On this subject President Roberts thus wrote to Mr. Gurney from Devonport :—

"November 30th, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your esteemed favour is duly received, containing your engagement to forward to Monrovia, on the completion of a contract with the native chiefs for the sale of Gallenas, merchandize to the value of one thousand pounds, to enable the public of Liberia to secure, by honourable purchase, the territory lying between its north-western boundary and the British colony of Sierra Leone.

"I am happy to be able to inform you that on Tuesday morning, before leaving London, I had an interview with Lord Auckland, and conversed with his lordship on the subject of the slave-trade, and of the assistance we required to extirpate the slave factories at the Gallenas, and abolish the traffic in slaves on that part of the West Coast."

It is probable that Mr. Gurney's kind proposition, on the faith of which the Liberian Government proceeded at once to the acquisition of the Gallenas, saved hundreds, perhaps thousands, of poor Africans from becoming the victims of slave-dealers. Before President Roberts left England, Mr. Gurney furnished him with a liberal supply of valuable books which he thought would be serviceable in the new country.

In 1851, the *Times* thus reports of the new republic:—

"Late accounts from Liberia give a favourable description of the state of the country. Settlements were being formed in the interior, and the natives at the newly acquired territory of the Gallenas, had furnished proof of their readiness to abandon the slave-trade, by giving notice to President Roberts and Commodore Fanshawe of a Spanish brig hovering on the coast for slaves. A new town is to be formed at Gallenas, and is to receive the name of Gurney, after Mr. Samuel Gurney of London."

We subjoin a letter of Mr. Gurney's to Mr. Roberts, dated—

"London, First Month 12th, 1852.

"My dear Friend,

"I have the pleasure of sending this by Captain Straw, who is about to embark for Liberia with a cargo of merchandise, intending to bring back cotton so far as it is practicable.

"I trust from that which has been cultivated under his auspices, and left under care since his last visit to your country, a considerable quantity will be ready for him.

"Seeing that Liberia is adapted to the growth of that plant, should its cultivation there largely increase it would tend greatly to the prosperity of the republic; it would

I apprehend, not only find profitable employment for your people, but, in its sale to Europeans, would supply the country with money, not only as revenue, but as a circulating medium. It appears to me, therefore, very desirable to protect and encourage an extension of its growth.

"Would it not answer to establish a copper coinage? If thou thinks that it would, I am disposed to send the republic £100 or £200 sterling in copper coins as an experiment. If I do, should it be our English coinage in pence and half-pence; or should I have a die struck on purpose?

"I continue my warm interest in the prosperity of the republic, and should be very glad to hear from time to time of her progress, and, I trust, of her well-doing. I do my best on all occasions to protect her rising reputation; but there are those disposed to complain, especially as to the faithful care of all merchandise belonging to Europeans. I need not tell thee how very important to your true interest it is to have a good reputation in these matters, collectively as a republic, and in your individual capacities. Increased care will, I trust, prevail in these important points, &c., &c.,

"Thy friend and well-wisher,

"SAMUEL GURNEY."

Among other efforts to advance commerce in Liberia, Mr. Gurney engaged with some gentlemen in Manchester to open a cotton farm in connection with the palm oil trade of the coast: "but this scheme," Mr. Roberts says, "I regret to state failed, owing to bad management on the spot." This concern for its welfare continued to a late period of his life. As recently as October 30th, 1855, when suffering from

failing health, according to Mr. Roberts, he wrote to him as warmly as ever, and, "after alluding to some matters on which I addressed him, he says,—'I feel much interest in thy prosperity, and desire that the blessing of God may be abundantly bestowed on thee. I feel much interest in your young republic. Anything that secures her prosperity and well-doing delights me much, and I shall always be glad to do anything that will promote this. I augur favourably of your having a coinage peculiarly Liberian. If it becomes popular and gets into circulation, would it not be desirable to have a fresh supply? I should in this case be very willing to repeat the transaction, taking upon myself the cost of at least £100. I await thy reply to this proposition.'" Mr. Roberts adds, "The people of Liberia properly estimated Mr. Gurney's kind interest in their behalf, and the Legislature on two occasions adopted, unanimously, resolutions expressive of their thanks and appreciation of his kindness.*"

Among the many footprints which Mr. Gurney has left in the track of time, few perhaps may be as enduring as Liberia; and surely it is well worth while

* The productions of Liberia, both natural and cultivated, are numerous, and indeed there is no reason to doubt that every species of tropical produce thrives in the country. Rice is abundant, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, cassava root, beans, peas, water-melons, pine-apples, oranges, lemons, guavas, and many other fruits, grow well.

For information respecting the colony of Liberia, with the exception of Mr. Gurney's letters, the editor is indebted to President Roberts himself.

for those in life's morning to look around and see if there be no spot on God's earth where they may erect some monument, however humble, to prove that they have not lived in vain. There was no pause in the activity of his life, which was spent in doing good and communicating. Onwards was his motto; selfish ease and indulgence were not among his enjoyments: living to himself would have been a weary life to him.

In 1852 we have a record of his benevolent exertions in the cause of religious liberty, the precise circumstances of which need not to be detailed. The sufferings for conscience' sake of some subjects of the King of Prussia excited his commiseration; but he did not content himself with quiet pity,—he appealed, and the result was a gratifying announcement, through the Chevalier Bunsen, that the application had been favourably received, and that the petition forwarded to the king for religious protection was granted; with the additional assurance from his Majesty that he would never allow any thing to be done in his country which was not in strict accordance with the principles of religious liberty, or which might afflict his "good friend Gurney."

Another manifestation of his spirit of enlarged benevolence occurred about the year 1855, and has likewise reference to Prussia. The circumstances are related by Cornelius Hanbury, Esq., who was also warmly interested in the case, and are given principally in his own words.

"The kindness of Samuel Gurney's disposition was displayed in the prompt and efficient manner in which he undertook to intercede with the King of Prussia on behalf of a young man in his dominions, who was suffering for conscience' sake. He had been a student in a commercial school, and afterwards entered the college at Giessen, where he remained eighteen months, and was then called on to enter into military service. He took the oath of allegiance to the king and then applied for permission to continue his studies another year, which was granted.

"Doubts had previously arisen in his mind respecting the Roman Catholic religion, in which he had been educated, and he availed himself of this time of leisure to examine different professions of faith.

"Having heard of some of the Society of Friends living at Minden, he sought their acquaintance, and, from intercourse with them, and the perusal of their books, he decided to adopt their views. He was now called upon again to perform military duty; but his religious convictions had so clearly shown him that war was utterly inconsistent with Christianity, that he drew up a protest, giving his reasons for non-compliance with the Government's requisition.

This refusal involved him in a course of severe trial, which he endured with great patience.* He was tried several times by a court-martial, which sentenced him to three years and a half imprisonment. His case was then referred to the king. The late Samuel Gurney, being made acquainted with the sufferings he had undergone, and the hardships still impending, wrote to the king on

* One infliction to which his continued refusal subjected him was that of incarceration in a room so constructed that it was impossible for him to lie down.

his behalf, requesting him to institute an enquiry and convince himself whether the scruples of the young man were not grounded on Christian principles."

The result of this enquiry was so favourable, and the testimony of the military authorities to the private conduct of the prisoner so good, that he was at once released from all future claims to military service, but awarded two years' confinement in a civil prison.

After the expiration of a twelvemonth, the prisoner, with the approbation of the directors, addressed a petition to the king for his liberty, which was granted : an act of liberation which never gladdened the benevolent heart of Samuel Gurney on earth ; for, ere the tidings of the release had reached England, he had passed away to the land of peace and rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAILING HEALTH OF MR. GURNEY—PEACE PRINCIPLES—PICTURE OF UPTON—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS—DEPARTURE—JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT NICE—LETTERS TO FRIENDS, ETC.

THERE are few spectacles more mournful than that of an unloved and unloving old age. The worldly man, whose heart has been with his treasure upon earth, travelling to the grave in heart-solitude, his mind and body alike weakened in power, desire failing, the very grasshopper becoming a burden, seated with folded hands and in apathy of soul whilst the earthly tabernacle is being taken down, without one bright glimpse of the house eternal in the heavens, is a melancholy sight indeed; but such is no picture of the close of Samuel Gurney's life,—one of service and of love. The evening hours, although not unclouded by earthly sorrows and anxieties, were gilded with the soft beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Old friends and familiar companions of youth and manhood were passing away. He was often called to stand by the grave's brink, where the little child he had loved, the brother or the sister, was about to be buried out of sight. The failing health of Mrs. Gurney was long a source of deep trial; but it called forth in an especial manner the tenderest feelings of

his nature, and his conduct towards her in her days of weakness and infirmity has been described, by one well acquainted with his home life, as showing "a care almost maternal."

The details of his career during the last years of his life are not numerous. His unceasing watchfulness over his beloved wife withdrew him, in a measure, from the more stirring scenes of life and from close application to business. The principal event of 1853 was his visit to Paris, in company with the deputation to the Emperor of the French; among the members of which were Sir James Duke, Messrs. Glyn, Barclay, Gladstone, Sir E. N. Buxton, and other influential persons. The object of this deputation was to present to the Emperor a declaration, signed by 4000 of the merchants and traders of London, expressive of their earnest desire for the long continuance of peace and amity between the two nations, their resolution to do everything in their power to maintain it, and their fervent hope that the inhabitants of both countries would in future vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace, and in extending the sources of social improvement, for their mutual benefit.

The Emperor's reply was short and emphatic, concluding with these words: "Like you I desire peace, and to draw closer the bonds which unite our two countries."

The following letter, addressed to Mrs. Gurney from Paris, briefly records the interview:—

"Third Month 28th, 1853.

"My Dearest ——,

"We have had an interview with the Emperor, and were most graciously received. He expressed his gratification at the proceeding, spoke of the danger he thought that the harmony of the two countries had incurred. in consequence of what had appeared from England last year, and invited us all to dine with him on Fifth-day; for which occasion, of course, we must stop. I have had an interesting interview, in company with the deputation, with Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also with my old friend Achille Fould. We all dine with the former to-morrow, and with the latter the next day; so our association will be of an interesting description."

The following letter to Monsieur Achille Fould, written, probably, soon after the above, and of which Mr. Gurney had preserved a copy, but bearing no date, is transcribed:—

"My dear Friend,

"It was a high satisfaction to me, as well as a pleasure, to receive the intelligence contained in thy letter of the 19th.

"The effect of the reduction of the army of France will be very beneficial, not only upon that country, but as an example to Europe generally. It will be felt as an indication of the pacific intentions of the Emperor, and has in this respect a very favourable influence upon the public mind of England. I can assure thee I take many opportunities to press this view on the minds of people of influence. After all that France has had to pass through of late years, I am rejoiced to observe the settlement and increased prosperity that has been so appa-

rent in that country since this time last year. She owes much, in my judgment, to Louis Napoleon.

"I do heartily desire and do very much expect to witness it in the exalted position he is likely to occupy; that by a continuance of the same line of policy, so peaceful in its character, the natural resources of the great empire will be more and more developed, to the increasing welfare and happiness of the people. This will lead to the further reduction of the army, which will be followed by the rest of Europe. I apprehend the system of a standing army to be the greatest evil, and fraught with the greatest practical danger, of anything in Europe at this period of her history. I presume, at this time of profound peace in Europe, two millions of her inhabitants in the prime of life are made unprofitable labourers, at a cost of two hundred millions sterling."

The promotion of the cause of peace on earth was viewed by Mr. Gurney not only as a religious question, and under a solemn sense of the incompatibility of war with the precepts of the New Testament, but as a matter of policy, economy and humanity. He continually dwelt on the subject in conversation, and never missed an opportunity of bringing before others those views with which his own mind was so deeply impressed. Most consistently too were the principles of peace and charity carried out in his own particular sphere, in his household, and in the details of his daily life. He rarely seemed to perceive a fault or an offence against himself; and when perceived, entire forgiveness was the result, accompanied by deeds of kindness—returns of good for the evil. The same spirit was manifested in the delicate office of

peacemaking, which he was frequently called on to exercise, and for which his sound judgment and clear mind, no less than his loving spirit, peculiarly qualified him.

His was a most rightly balanced mind; he was wonderfully gifted with the power of keeping each interest in its proper place: business for business hours, home duties each in their right order, with their right share of absorption. He could throw his whole soul for the time being into whatever was before him as a duty; and there seemed no clashing, in spite of their variety.

Whilst his wife was declining, he was called to close trial in the suffering illness of his sister Mrs. Francis Cunningham, between whom and himself a very strong tie of love and sympathy existed. After Mrs. Gurney's death, which occurred in the February of 1855, we hear of his repeated visits to his beloved sister, whose dependence on this "prince of brothers," as she liked to call him, was ever responded to with fond attention. Although attached to different religious persuasions, they were bound in true unity of spirit and oneness in Christ: they might truly be said to be helpers one of another. Mrs. Cunningham always rejoiced to receive from him his various gifts of love, frequently coming to him as to a never-failing fund of strength, and gladly acknowledging her dependence on him for many a charitable aid in the parish where her lot was cast. His farewell visit took place two days before her death, in August, 1855,

and it was sad to mark at that time the change in his own appearance; so much of the vigour of his manhood was departed.

At Earlham and Cromer, among his grandchildren, however, Mr. Gurney seemed to renew his youth. His appearance on the sands of the latter place has been described as very striking, when surrounded by the clusters of young bright faces, listening to their eager talk, and promising fishing-nets to one, and scientific apparatus to another, with an interest which beamed from his face, somewhat saddened as it was by the sense of his late heavy bereavement.

There are those who will long remember a gathering in the drawing-room at Colne House, prompted by Mr. Gurney, to hear a lecture on the moon by Dr. Mann, then staying at Cromer; with what pleasure he received the various parties of friends and strangers on the lawn, that bright summer evening, placing them zealously to the best advantage in the crowded drawing-room, and at the close of the lecture addressing the company in a few earnest words of exhortation to pursue the subject for themselves, and manifesting such care that all, especially the young, should go away edified.

The change, meantime, which his family had remarked during Mrs. Gurney's illness, became more and more evident. Still he was susceptible of as much enjoyment and interest in his children as ever. To those who lived near him it was his delight to

drive over frequently, and he ever carried gladness and sunshine into their dwellings. He was now reaping the golden harvest of love sown so long in the childhood of his beloved ones; and sure was the welcome which those children gave him, deep the thrill of joy of which all were sensible whenever they caught a glimpse of the silvery hair and pale face, though alas! touchingly unlike the ruddy hue of the father of yore.

Life, if it were to him no longer joyful, was still peaceful and happy; and as he had never lived shut up in the close crust of selfishness, so now, though he had ceased in some measure personally to enjoy, he could relatively rejoice.

"Often has he remarked to me," writes a relative, "with deep gratitude, the unusual prosperity which had attended his career: how little there had been of sorrow and suffering; how many were the mercies and blessings which had attended him and his dear wife, who, out of so large a family, had not ever lost a child."

The grandchildren, as has already been hinted, were a source of great pleasure and interest, and his enjoyment in the visits of his married daughters at Ham House was incomplete if they came unaccompanied by the little ones. The mother, in her early morning visit to the nursery, was sure to find, when the grandfather was staying in the house, that he had been already there, enjoying the sights and sounds of the nursery

world, even to the bath and the breakfast. Many people have a kind of passive endurance of children, and a preference for the orderly and sedate ones (as rarities, indeed); but this was not the case with Mr. Gurney, he equally liked "the quiet plodding little L——, and the restless and more troublesome G——."

Not a little saddening is the thought that all this child-love, of which so many memorials remain, is but as a tale that is told. Those very rocking-boats on the beautiful green lawn, little as a landscape gardener might commend their effect, but which draw out the mother's heart to the memory of such a grandfather, are among the smaller proofs of that thoughtful and considerate regard for others which marks so many of the arrangements of Ham House. *Consideration,* indeed, that blessed domestic virtue, the absence of which mars many a fair home picture, was a pervading spirit there; and more, perhaps, than any other influence, maintained that quiet flow of peace which was so remarkable in Samuel Gurney's dwelling.

It is a pleasanter walk through the grounds and the out-houses, too, than you would readily conceive: for, without professing the least amateurship of model farms, Alderney cows, and rare cattle, or the slightest understanding of fine breeds of horses or poultry, one must be dense indeed not to appreciate the beautiful arrangements for the happy lives of every animated being about the premises, and acknowledge

that biped and quadruped, each really revelled in his own particular way in the enclosure of that domain; that cows, horses, birds and rabbits, alike, were as happy as the day was long. Then there is the little retirement of a good old servant just at the end of the garden,—a neatly furnished well-carpeted dwelling, adorned with more than one picture of the family. After forty years' service, how soothing in the evening of her life must it be to the faithful Martha to recall her beloved master and mistress, buried, indeed, out of sight, but never to be forgotten. And those poor old people in the almshouses,—how gratefully must they look on the little trifles gratuitously provided for them; whilst the very farm servants and the whole household could tell tales of acts of kindness in many little things, to which one would sooner be tired of listening, maybe, than they of telling.

We linger in such a home, and almost regret to withdraw our own thoughts from the spot; but the time was come when the master of all these possessions received the call to set his house in order.

Willingly, and even cheerfully, with a spirit of childlike submission, he yielded to the advice of his physicians and the desire of his friends, that he should try the effect of a milder climate during the winter.

"Nothing was more striking to me," writes one of his family, "than the entire calmness and cheerfulness with

which he arranged his outward affairs before leaving home. He entirely laid aside all those objects into which he had been wont to enter with so much of lively interest and vigour: all were given up without an apparent regret."

In a letter to a friend, in the prospect of leaving England for the Continent, he himself says:—

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made and circumstanced, and can only cast ourselves upon the merciful and providential care of Him, without whose permission a sparrow even does not fall to the ground."

Again, to the same friend, in a farewell letter, he remarks:—

"I feel how very much I leave in going; but my medical friends and my family all encourage it, so that I submit; but I feel it to be a *submission*. I am, under this dispensation (one doubtless of mercy), peaceful and contented, without any anxious care as to the future, which, as relates to myself, is very obscure. I endeavour to cherish the desire to cast myself upon the mercy of God, through our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The fine trees in the long-loved and shady garden, beneath whose branches he had loved to sit for so many years, were clad in their autumn mantle. The fall of the leaf seemed indicative of his fading life; but the broad-spreading cedar, which stretched its branches over the green turf, might well remind him of the undying spring which awaited him in the world to come. The farewells to his old neighbours

and friends could not but be mournful; the leave-taking between him and his friend Lady P—— was very interesting. "I must not forget," he replied in answer to the hope she expressed that the journey would do him good,—"I must not forget that I have nearly reached three-score years and ten. When I think of this I must not be anxious either way; but my view is that I shall be permitted to see my neighbours again."

He took his last walk round the garden on the afternoon of this day, still speaking calmly of the future and all its uncertainty. The morning dawn was bright, and the autumn sun illumined the varied tints of the trees, and, for the last time, the faint autumn song of the few remaining birds sounded in his ears. Still all was sweet and peaceful. The Bible was opened as usual, and once more his voice was heard in the solemn family worship; but his children who were present must have felt, and doubtless many of them did feel, that it might be for the last time in his English dwelling. He then visited the kitchen to bid adieu to his servants, shaking hands with each one in turn, although the effort was almost too much. Yet, on going back to the drawing-room to await the arrival of the carriage, he exerted himself in his usual considerate manner to comfort his old servant Martha, who sate weeping beside him on the sofa, and then, the moment of departure being come, he rose and crossed the threshold, never more

to pass it until that mournful return when life, the animator and the beautifier, had fled, and the kindly spirit was with God who gave it. "To me," remarks a daughter who did not accompany the travellers, and who has described the parting scene, "was *then* his death: nothing since has been so painful."

Mr. Gurney always took a lively pleasure in travelling, and he was by no means lost to that pleasure now. The first pang of separation over, the change indeed appeared refreshing, and notwithstanding the excitement and painful effort of the morning, and the thick mist which was enveloping everything on his arrival at Folkstone, he drove in the afternoon to Shorncliff, to visit the camp of the Foreign Legion there; talking to the soldiers with his usual animation, and testifying the greatest interest in the scene. A similar visit was paid to the camp at Boulogne, and he was able on his arrival at Paris to enjoy the Palais de l'Industrie; though so inadequate were his failing powers to the necessary exertion that it was affecting to witness the effort.

A friend who saw Mr. Gurney at this time remarked, in a subsequent letter to one of his family:—

"I have such a sweet interesting picture of your dear father in my memory, such as I saw him at Paris in November; so calm, so reverend, and so full of peace. He evidently felt the future most uncertain, but assured me that as to this world he had arranged everything."

The journey through France was productive of real enjoyment to the invalid. The party rested three

days at Nismes, in order to visit the little colony of Friends at Congenies, with whom he passed an interesting Sunday; and he was delighted to welcome his simple French brethren and sisters to an evening repast on the occasion—an event, doubtless, in their primitive and quiet lives.

His feelings were often called forth as he journeyed, by the soldiers going and returning from the Crimea; and once, when driving through the market-place at Avignon, his interest was so excited by a poor wounded Zouave that he stopped the carriage, and learned that the soldier had been disabled at the taking of the Malakhoff. "Ah Monsieur," answered the poor man in reply to some further enquiries respecting the horrid scene, "il faut le voir pour le conçevoir." Mr. Gurney was sensibly touched by the words, and it is remarkable that at scarcely any time of his illness was he so absorbed in thought for himself as to be callous to the joys and sorrows, not only of those near and dear to him, but of his fellow-creatures at large. Unselfishness in an invalid is a rare qualification, but one seldom *learned* on a sick couch.

There was every prospect of comfort in the contemplated residence at Nice. He frequently spoke of his perfect satisfaction in the arrangements; his companions so exactly suited him. He had an invaluable nurse and companion in his daughter, Miss Gurney; and the cheering society of his son-in-law Sir Edward Buxton, with Lady Buxton and some of his grandchildren, considerably softened his banish-

ment from England, and drew a little home circle of familiar faces around him. The large and commodious house at Nice afforded ample accommodation for the two families, and for some time after the arrival there it was difficult to say whether he lost or gained strength. Two or three letters, addressed to old and dear friends in England at the close of the year, convey his own impressions on the subject, which were usually correct. The first in point of date is as follows:—

"Nice, Twelfth Month 8th, 1855.

"My very dear Friend,

"It is First-day morning, and some of the party here are gone to the Vaudois Chapel, others to that in connection with the English national Establishment. I have enjoyed and valued a time alone of profound quietude, may I not add measurably of solemn worship, and now feel disposed to acknowledge the receipt of thy brotherly epistle. . . . .

"In respect of myself I cannot speak with much assurance; my powers are greatly reduced, especially in walking. Going upstairs is nearly beyond my power; but I am peaceful and contented, and remarkably clear of corroding care.

"At times, I fear a little whether my ease of mind may not arise from apathy; but at other times I cherish the desire to cast myself upon the mercy of God, through Christ Jesus, and from this my peace may emanate.

"The place and its situation have many charms, which I am enabled occasionally to enjoy; but my powers, even in this respect, are limited to drives in a pony phaeton which I have hired. The climate is a great improvement upon ours. The sky has been nearly unclouded for the

last fortnight; bright, sunny days, and starlight nights with brilliant sunrisings and settings.

"Sometimes it has been as warm as our summers; just now however it is cold, but dry and clear. . . . .

"We meet together on First-day, and a family of Plymouth Brethren have asked permission to sit with us, to which we of course agree.

"I somewhat feel the weight of this gathering—a gathering in some measure, I trust, in the name of the Lord; but it is, in fact, a refreshing and consoling time. For Quakerism, as it exists in its various bearings, is that only which meets my natural taste, and I also consider it to be simple Christianity without the attempt of man to adorn or improve it: but in saying this I am well assured how very much some of us, as such, have come short, and how much also of true practical Christianity there is amongst others.

"There is a congregation of Vaudois in this place. My daughter has attended their worship and speaks very favourably of their simplicity and apparent piety, and soundness of Christian faith. . . . . I have deeply felt the sudden death of my valued and honoured friend W. T. Clayton, and yesterday's post brought me the intelligence of the death of my old friend Thomas Pim of Kingstown, and of our dear friend Stephen Grellet; and this morning I learn the death, by accident, of my dear friend and relative Charles Barclay, of Bury Hill. These give forth the language loudly, 'Be ye therefore ready,'—a language peculiarly applicable to myself at this time.

"Wilt thou give my love to S. F. and to the officers of the school* generally, and in an especial manner to all the children. May they not only be industrious and

* One of the public schools connected with the Society of Friends.

obedient as scholars, truthful and kind one to another, but may they above all cherish in their inmost hearts a fear of God,—I mean a fear that will preserve them from evil,—and then a love of God will follow, which will lead them into all good. They cannot have a better preparation for this world, or for that which is to come.

"Thy attached brother,

"SAMUEL GURNEY."

A second letter to which allusion has been made commences thus :—

Nice, Twelfth Month 19th, 1855.

"MY MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,

"Thy letter of 12th inst. has reached me, and its receipt is very acceptable and somewhat encouraging. Thy opinion of me is, however, so much above my own mark as to myself that I can hardly keep pace with it; but I may acknowledge, with thankfulness, that I am preserved in much peace and ease of mind, although very feeble in bodily power. My medical adviser here assures me that I am better; but here again my own feelings are rather below those of my friend—for such I can truly call Dr. T——.

"Edward Buxton and I have hired a capital house between us. We are cheered by a large detachment of his children. I have felt very much the death of Stephen Grellet—more so that of my very dear and honoured friend ——, taken, I doubt not, in wisdom and in mercy, but in the prime of life, leaving to struggle in this world a widow and young family. I have felt it so much that I have ventured to write to the widow on the subject, expressing my interest and sympathy.

"This place has much charm in it—mountains topt, some of them with snow, others with olives and orange

trees to the North, East, and West, and to the South the Mediterranean with its beautiful bays, are all attractive; but the latter loses much in the absence of the cheering change produced by tides in our northern seas. The climate is very fine; the weather, although now cold, allows of our sitting out-of-doors and basking in the sun on most days in the middle of the day, but it turns cold as the sun declines. The peasants, at this time, are a good deal engaged in making hay; this, with their pleasing bright dresses, help to make a drive pleasant.

"There is much opening for the circulation of the Scriptures and religious books. . . . . I can, however, do nothing myself in the cause, excepting being ready to aid in a pecuniary manner when wanted; my feeble state prevents action on my part.

"In much love, in which the Buxtons and Sarah unite,

"Thy attached friend,

"Samuel Gurney."

Another letter, written shortly after, to J. Bevan Braithwaite, Esq., may also be given. He thus writes:—

"Nice, Twelfth Month 26th, 1855.

"My dear Bevan,

"I duly received thy interesting and comforting letter, full of interest on various points. In respect of myself, I remain very feeble, certainly not less so than a little time back; but I am preserved in much calmness and peace of mind. Although I drive out for a short period on most days, my powers are such that I am a good deal indoors; but we have a capital suite of rooms having a southern aspect, into which the sun shines on most days.

"In respect of Macaulay: it is a little mortifying that

he should so have held up our honourable predecessors, Penn and Fox. Not that they were perfect or were ever held up as such, as far as I know; but they were extraordinary men, wonderfully elucidating and maintaining the truth. I am not prepared, however, to say that Fox was clear of eccentricities, or that at times he was not to a certain extent under such influence in his conduct; but, taking him for all in all, he was wonderfully gifted and enlightened. It will probably be considered by Friends whether there should be an answer, somewhat official, to these attacks on our two worthies. I rather lean to it, although it would be impossible to reach wherever Macaulay's book may go; yet, if well done, it might have a beneficial effect upon the public mind and upon our young people.

"'There is, however, one consolation: 'The truth as it is in Jesus,'—the truth as maintained by Friends—is unchangeable, and remains the same, however feeble, or even faulty, its supporters may have been and are.

"There is great openness in this country at the present time for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts, and I am very anxious that advantage should be taken of it while the door is open; but it requires great discretion, lest the very effort tend to limit the power that now exists.

"The Madiai are here, and a depôt (of which they have the management) is just opened for the British and Foreign Bible Society. *He* is somewhat broken down; but I trust after a time, sufficient energy may be thrown into the work.

"The king, they tell me, is a man of his word, and, having granted a constitution and a large degree of religious liberty, will keep to it.

"In much love, &c.,

"SAMUEL GURNEY."

An interesting letter which he wrote in the beginning of January to a servant much respected, and one who had been much engaged in personal attendance on him before his leaving England, is one among many pleasant records of the good feeling which subsisted between master and servant. It is dated

"Nice, First Month 4th, 1856.

"Dear Friend J. H.

"I was gratified yesterday by the receipt of thy letter, and in an especial manner by thy expressions and wishes about myself.

"Brought into a weak state, as is my case, I have frequently felt for thee that the personal care of me has fallen, from my having come into a foreign land, into other hands. I however full well know, that, had it been otherwise, how acceptable and valuable to me would have been thy faithful attentions.

"Here for the present we must leave it. But it will be satisfactory to thee, and to my servants generally, to know that nothing can be more affectionately and efficiently attentive than B—— is; so that, with D——'s aid and my daughter's superintendence, with a first-rate medical attendant at hand, my outward circumstances are very favourable.

"We have also an excellent house occupying the ground and first-floor; there being a beautiful suite of rooms with a southern aspect on the first-floor, a large drawing-room in the centre, and apartments for me and my daughter at one end, and Sir Edward and Lady Buxton at the other. I am well pleased to say that he is much better; and they and their children that are here make a most cheerful family party, with whom it is very pleasant for us to unite.

"I was glad to learn by thy letter of so many of our Ham House interests, and I should wish to have a letter from thee every two or three weeks giving me similar details.

"I wish thee to call on C—— and obtain from him a report of the present position of the British School, giving to him my best respects. I also wish thee to see S—— (the National School master), and procure from him the particulars of the distribution of bread and coal tickets; and I should like also to know as much as I can of the state of the West Ham poor.

"I am in a very feeble condition, with my power of exertion much circumscribed; but am preserved in much calmness and peace of mind, which is cause for thankfulness.

"I wish to be remembered very kindly to the household [particularising many members of it] and to all on the premises, and in an especial manner to H—— and Martha, and thy little boy.

"I am, with much respect, thy friend and master,

"SAMUEL GURNEY."

CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE AT NICE—DELIGHT IN THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE—HABIT OF ACTIVITY—EFFORTS TO DO GOOD—ACCIDENT TO HIS CARRIAGE—DEPARTURE—HOMEWARD JOURNEY—DETENTION AT LYONS—ARRIVAL AT PARIS—CLOSING SCENE.

The sunshine of Nice and the soft breezes from the Mediterranean revived, but they did not restore. Health was still unattained, and, although a relative at an early period of Mr. Gurney's sojourn in the south speaks a little hopefully of a "strength in his voice, and something like a return of the old buoyant and animated manner," there was no real ground gained, and a little later the same friend writes thus to England:—

"We went this afternoon to Nice, to join the Gurneys at meeting in their own house. S. G. was but feeble; but so sweet and loving, that it was both touching and comforting to be with him. He expressed the comfort it was to him to have his friends by him, and hoped we should be comforted together. He then read, with a strong voice and beautifully impressive manner, the latter part of the 24th of St. Matthew, beginning at the parable of the fig-tree,*—words that came with additional force and solemnity in his present state. Of his bodily condition he

* These meetings were always commenced by reading a chapter or portion of Scripture.

afterwards spoke as feeble, but that his nights were better, and added, 'I am quite easy and peaceful.' At this time he not unfrequently drove to our house two or three times, walking to the end of our terrace, and once came to luncheon, on which day he seemed better than usual, and even enjoyed talking to —— on business.

But there was no steady progress, and on the 23rd of December, on arriving at Maison Saissi, the residence of Mr. Gurney and Sir E. N. Buxton, for the weekly meeting, Mrs. —— reports:—

"We found S. G. had been very poorly yesterday with an attack of something more than faintness, in which he would have fallen, had not Breitschmidt providentially been in the room and supported him to the sofa. Then sickness came on, and he is left very feeble, and looking more ill than ever."

In reply to an expression of hope that he would soon recover his usual strength, he said, "That is scarcely my mind; but I don't know." He evidently felt the separation from home. "Still," he said, "I think this suits me better; I have all I can desire. At home it might have been too much for me: all is ordered in best wisdom." He spoke very nicely to his little nephew who was present, the grandchild of his beloved brother J. J. Gurney, telling the boy how earnestly he hoped that he would follow in the footsteps of that dear grandfather who was no more, for that he would never find a better course.

Early in January, there seemed a little rise, and he looked more like himself again; his life, possibly,

was prolonged by the warmth of the climate, and he was thoroughly at rest and contented with every arrangement, frequently expressing to his daughter how exactly the whole plan suited him. He overflowed with love to the absent, often sending most affectionate messages to his friends in England, and evidently dwelling much, in thought, upon them. It was really wonderful, and one cannot but look upon it as a Christian grace from Him who knew his servant's frame, that after a life of such activity and prominence—such a continual pursuit of objects of interest and importance—he should have been so content with the passive condition now apportioned him. It was a merciful pause; an answer, perhaps, to the Psalmist's prayer, "Spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more."

Time never hung heavy, his children and grandchildren were sources of the utmost enjoyment, and, ever rejoicing in the beauties of nature, he was consciously alive to those of his present southern dwelling. His companions recall with lively pleasure his enjoyment with them of the sea and country. The drives to the Porte, and perhaps the sudden determination to row round the rocky points to Villa Franca, hailing the fishing-boats on the way, for the purpose of examining the exquisitely tinted little fish with which the bay abounds, and the often pleasurable drive home in the carriage which awaited them at the picturesque town of Villa Franca, the road from which place abounds in beautiful views; when, as

they passed along, the invalid would sometimes stop the carriage, tempted by the sight of the wild flowers, to gather some of the lovely treasures of the way-side, those flowers so often bearing messages of comfort to the sick and sorrowful, which reach not the heart of the vigorous and healthy.

Still keenly alive to natural beauties, he fully appreciated the charms of the locality, and used to dwell with peculiar delight on the view from the bridge across the Var, the channelled bed of which—or rushing torrents, according to the variations in the weather—was bounded by a glorious background of snowy peaks. Here he would often linger, pacing up and down in quiet enjoyment, or pausing to speak a kindly word to the poor Sardinian soldier in his long grey coat.

He seldom appears to have cherished any decided hope, even at temporary amendment or hopeful symptoms. When told that he seemed a little better, he would reply, "I am not *better*, I am not so well; still I ought to call it better; it is better as the Lord wills."

As January advanced, the decline, although still gradual, was perceptible. He was generally obliged to recline, even during the little service in the drawing-room on Sunday afternoon, which, however, he continued to enjoy, and he still read the chapter in the Bible, at its commencement, expressing on one occasion the belief in His presence who had promised to be with the two or three gathered together in his name,

and the refreshment which that presence would afford. It was a very low season with the invalid, however: "less and less power of enjoyment, more sense of the depression of physical suffering and weakness." "Ah!" he remarked one day, "patience is at a low ebb with me." The reply was, that, although from weakness he might feel his faith and patience tried, yet he might still know that the Rock was underneath. With touching humility, yet a little sadly, as it seemed, he answered, "Ah! if I am on the Rock!"

Humility was indeed a striking characteristic of his mental condition throughout his whole illness, never liking to appropriate a word to himself which he felt beyond his experience. He was, to use his own expression, "peaceful, but not abounding: no great things to boast of." He was much comforted on being told that a Friend had remembered him in prayer at Plaistow meeting, and said two or three times, "It is very sweet—very consoling." Sometimes when feeling revived he would talk, with a little hope in his tone, of a return to England, for he wished to die at home; but would add: "But I leave it;" and once with a peaceful smile he remarked: "It seems to me that my life has come to its conclusion. I have given up and settled all my worldly affairs; I have seen my children settled in life; and now it appears as though my own course had come to its natural termination." Two of his sons had joined him in the winter, and were a great solace to him; and in March the Dowager Lady Buxton and other

members of the family were added to the circle at Nice. His great delight in giving pleasure seemed unabated. It was instructive to witness how earnest, even in his enfeebled state, he was for the gratification of others. Thus, on the departure of some of the party on a trip to Rome, his parting gifts were as thoughtful and generous as ever, and he entered with as great an interest into the pleasure and benefit of the tour as though he were to enjoy it.

An accident, the effects of which might have been fatal to Mr. Gurney and his companion, occurred in the early spring, and is thus described by his daughter Lady Buxton to one of his grandchildren :—

"Your grandfather and I drove out together, and, after calling on Lady S—— at the Victoria Hotel, we were turning the corner by the Jardin des Plantes, when something frightened one of the horses, which began kicking violently. Breitschmidt jumped down to seize the heads, but fell. Our driver most foolishly left his post and followed him, leaving us helpless, and the terrified horses dashed off with fearful violence. It was awful to see the people and feel that we must go over them ; but the tremendous swing of the carriage turning up the Rue de la Croix de Marbre was fearful. We seemed to fly round and up in the air before we were dashed over with the utmost violence on the pavement. The panel broke in close to your grandfather's head, and the window shattered under him. In this manner we were dragged along, until the horses broke away and we suddenly stopped. A screaming crowd soon surrounded us, and assisted poor bleeding Breitschmidt to raise the carriage and help us out. A kind neighbour answered

our assurances of not being hurt by an expression of thankfulness to God; and how sweetly did your grandfather's countenance respond to this! I shall never forget his serene composure then, nor the magic touch of his hand laid upon me in those previous terrible moments. His true charity and kindness was all alive; and the great anxiety was, that our cowardly driver should not suffer," &c.

To satisfy this anxiety, and to redeem the man's character, Mr. Gurney obtained his daughter's consent (no small effort of courage) to drive out on the following day with the same horses and driver. The shock of this accident did not appear to produce any lasting consequences; but there was now progressive weakness, although the fluctuations in his state, and consequently in his capacity for enjoyment, were many.

He strongly sympathised in the various efforts going forward for the spread of Christian instruction in the Sardinian States. Unequal to any personal exertion, he was the more earnest that his companions should be diligent in promoting this object, especially the circulation of the Scriptures; and he often visited the depôt of the Bible Society at Nice, chatting with its superintendent, Francesco Madiai, on the progress of the work, and making purchases of the Scriptures, both in Italian and French, for distribution.

He had a very intelligent, earnest-spirited, Italian barber at this time, whose morning visit appears to have been looked forward to by Mr. Gurney with pleasure. The Italian's conversation, however, was

by no means like that of his fraternity in general, but characterised by simple, honest piety and zeal. Being a labourer for the spiritual good of the soldiers around, the details of his success were always listened to with interest. On one occasion, after Mr. Gurney had presented him with a copy of a little work, by Mr. J. J. Gurney, "On Love to God," G——, the barber, brought him the gratifying intelligence that he had lent it to an officer, who was so interested by its perusal that he declined returning it. A handsome bible was procured at a subsequent time for another officer, and sent by Mr. Gurney as a present. Indeed, although his own harvest might be said to be well-nigh over, he was ever thinking of the duty of seed-sowing for the benefit of those who were to wait yet a little longer in the fields of life. The power of reading was much gone; but he took great delight in the little newspaper the "*Avenir*," of Nice, which was daily brought in with his breakfast, and its columns were at once sought with eagerness for the telegraphic price of funds, as indicative of the progress of the Paris Conferences; indeed, the negotiations for peace were among his deepest interests at this time, and the favourable prospects and results cheering amidst much suffering. Towards the close of March, the Dowager Lady Buxton writes as follows of her own impressions of her brother's state:—

"I have had an interesting talk with my dearest brother. He came into the large drawing-room after he

was dressed, looking rather better than yesterday, and gave me a warm welcome. He said to me as he lay in his own drawing-room, where I followed him, that much peace was granted. He could not say that any very bright or clear views were given him; but he was under feelings of safety and quietness about his state, without many fears or much doubting; that the only *outward* thing as to himself that he much desired or prayed for was, that he might be permitted to end his days in Ham House, and be laid by his dear wife; but this desire was in submission, and he committed the future to God. He implied that recovery was not his desire; but he left that, as not his concern, and was willing to accept the will of God. He spoke of Francis Cunningham as of one to whom he was bound in true unity of spirit and hearty affection, and of others with great love. He expressed the utmost satisfaction and comfort in his children, particularly dwelling on the peculiar capabilities of each as his nurses and companions, and was full of gratitude."

The course was still downwards. On the 1st of April, his sister remarks to one of his absent children:—

"Your father looked very ill yesterday. Yet he roused up at times to speak and was then like himself. He is usually very silent, and notices little the transactions of the day, but when he does so he shows more power than we are ready to expect. He does not see the grandchildren much now, indeed, scarcely at all; not even Louisa, who was almost essential to him; nor does he ask for them, or any one. It is curious to observe the change in this respect. He scarcely moves from his sofa at all."

On the 16th of April the experiment of change was tried, and the journey was accomplished to Mentoni. The place pleased the invalid, and, although tired with his journey, he would, with his usual consideration and kind-heartedness, send for the landlord, that he might express to him his satisfaction with his accommodation at the hotel. The change of scene fully seemed to cheer him, and he was amused and interested at the description given by his daughters of the business going on in the town, the trading in lemons, wine, and oil, and catching the little fish, bianchetti, on the shore. He was able fully to enjoy the next day's drive, and quite luxuriated in the magnificence of the scenery; but, evidently, the delight was greatly enhanced by the hope which this increase of power held out for the longer journey homewards. For, with all the charms of that beautiful landscape, and the soft balmy air which fanned him on the southern shores, he must have dwelt with yearning fondness on the far-off home, whose name had magic in its sound, and have remembered that—

> "The very whispers of the wind had there
> A flute-like harmony, that seemed to bear
> Greeting from some bright shore,
> Where none have said *farewell!* where no decay
> Lends the faint crimson to the dying day,
> Where the storm's might is o'er."

On the 24th, the party returned to Nice, and prepared for an immediate departure to England.

On the 29th his sister writes of his condition, and adds :—

"He is the child of God lying passively in his Father's arms, given up to his holy will, waiting upon him in spirit ; yet with very little power, as I believe, to exercise spiritual gifts. Such is his great weakness ; but the prayer is that of the heart patiently looking upwards. The desire of the heart is to Him, and the Lord Jesus is his dependence and his portion. As to the world and the things of it, they have little attraction for him now. His power of enjoyment in anything is gone, though he still most fondly loves his own, and is enlarged in love to the church of Christ. His children are his greatest comfort and inestimable blessings, never failing in power to help him. He has not to bear great discomfort ; and I think generally is in a calm, resting state of mind. Amused he can be for a few moments by the newspaper ; but by little else : sometimes a Friend's life ; sometimes a letter, or little business matters. His mind breaks out brightly at times ; his voice so strong—his knowledge so correct—his mind so clear. When Edward (Sir E. N. Buxton) read to him the Articles of Peace, he took them up one by one, explaining them to me as though in perfect health. He was delighted and interested in them, and these returns of power we occasionally observe ; then he will fall back again in silence and exhaustion, and we are afraid of any effort or disturbance. He was entirely of the mind that it was right for him to go home if possible. He wished for some reading. I took the last part of the 8th chapter of Romans :—'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate

us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!' Very comforting to us both were the precious words, and truly we did feel united in the blessed hope that nothing could separate us from that love, or from one another through him. We had a great deal of conversation after this.

"*April 30th.*—The above I wrote while he was dressing, and now continue the history.

"The attendants cleared off the last things, and, being ready, I took a small portion of the Service for the Sick, and we were comforted and helped by thus seeking the blessing of God before their departure. S—— came and led his father down the large staircase to the carriage standing below. Many were gathered around. He got in, arranged his pillows, and took leave of each person separately. He had said to me just before that he did not feel his life to be in present danger. He knew his extreme frailty, and that at any moment the change might come; but he did not feel the end approaching. He had an interesting parting interview with Mr. Childers, the English clergyman; when Mr. Gurney remarked, that the prayer of the publican was all that was left him, and that he had scarcely been favoured with the evidences of acceptance which some had enjoyed.' Mr. Childers replied,—'But they that love him are known of him;' to which Mr. Gurney assented most cordially and impressively."

With Monsieur Pillatte, the pasteur of the Vaudois at Nice, he had also a farewell interview. A friend of the family, who has recently been there, thus mentions the remembrance in which Mr. Gurney is still held in that place:—

"Most pleasant was it to find how sweetly the recollection of your precious father is embalmed in the

memory of many at Nice. The pasteur Pillatte seemed to delight in speaking of him, and particularly of their last interview; in which, he says, 'He did so plainly and so seriously tell me just what he thought a minister of the gospel of Christ ought to be. It was good for me to hear him, and I have often thought of it since. He told me that they should be earnest and simple, and place their whole dependence on the influence of the Spirit of God. Thus thou wilt perceive that thy beloved father was a preacher of righteousness on his dying bed, and many seemed to be impressed by the patience and cheerful resignation of his Christian spirit."

After leaving Nice, the travellers rested a few days at Cannes, where he experienced some revival. He was greatly cheered, too, in the prospect of a valued attendant's arrival, for whom a telegraphic message had been dispatched, and when he was announced his face beamed with brightness. He had a marvellous capacity for attaching his domestics to him, and the service of all was most emphatically love service. The thoughtfulness for others never forsook him. So anxious was he that the little things often overlooked should be remembered, that, among purchases of bottles of perfume, he even suggested that the attendant above alluded to would perhaps like some for his wife.

While at Cannes, his usual monthly accounts came in, which made him nervous, and he observed with child-like simplicity—"My accounts frighten me, as to whether I have not too much. I don't like to think of it; for 'where the treasure is, there the heart will be also.'" On some one remarking that

his delight had ever been in dispensing of his treasure to others, he answered in a sweet, solemn tone, "That is what I fear about; I feel it most weightily." He almost seemed to regret the appearance of these papers, and to shrink from being, as he said, called thus back to worldly things again. Indeed, his humble, conscientious spirit, was most touching, and his entire truthfulness and sincerity very instructive. In dictating a letter to his brother in England, he told his daughter to write—"I am thankful to have got thus far on my journey; but," and he paused, and meekly said, "No; don't put that. It is so *much* to be thankful. Write it is cause for thankfulness: that is much safer."

The Sabbath at Cannes was peculiarly peaceful. He asked for his favourite chapter, the 14th of Luke, one on which he frequently dwelt with great comfort in seasons of depression; for he felt, he said, that he might be invited to take a place at the Gospel feast, amongst the halt and the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and *compelled* to come in. They left Cannes on the 7th, for Vidauban, and the journey was easily accomplished. He even appeared to enter with something of amusement and enjoyment into the discomforts of a very unaccommodating hotel at Brignolles, the town being all astir in expectation of an archbishop's visit on the following day.

The six hours' journey to Marseille s was aconsiderable tax on his strength, and he appeared to suffer great exhaustion from the effort; yet, languid

and weak as he was, he rarely failed to inquire what sort of rooms the others had, and delighted to find they were so pleasant at Marseilles. A thoroughly unselfish invalid is a rare and beautiful sight, but we must not forget that self-denial and control are not lessons easily learned on a sick couch; we must practise them in the hour of health, and they will not fail us in the day of trial and adversity. Thus, when the time was come for one of his daughters to return with her husband to England, there was not one detaining word. "It is quite right," was his ready assent, "to return to your children: you have been most invaluable to me, and truly faithful. It is very uncertain whether we meet again; but, however that may be, my best blessing goes with you." And the father and daughter parted, never to meet again on earth.

The most formidable part of the journey was now before him. Hitherto he had travelled with comparative ease in his own comfortable carriage; but the railway had now to be encountered. On quitting Marseilles he proceeded to Avignon, and thence to Valence and Lyons, where, owing to an accident to the pole of his travelling carriage at the station, the transit to the hotel had to be performed in a rough vehicle out of the street. A severe accession of illness followed, and he was so greatly prostrated, that all idea of moving homeward seemed abandoned. It was at the time of the inundation of Lyons and the adjacent country,—the floods of the Saone were

rapidly increasing; in many streets and squares the water was deep, and there was no traffic but by boats; but, although there was some amusement to the invalid in watching these boats from the windows of the hotel, the state of things was anxiously viewed by the arrangers of his journey, who felt how formidable were these additional difficulties of the way. The drive to the station was somewhat lengthened by the needful *détour* to avoid the water; but this obstacle was in time removed, and, after more than a week's detention, Mr. Gurney having again revived, the attempt was made to move forward to Macon, which journey was accomplished with unlooked-for ease and refreshment. Dijon, Montbard, and Sens, were successively reached, and the journey to Paris was finally accomplished on the 31st of May. He was cheered as he took possession of his apartments at the hotel, and expressed himself comfortable, and relieved at being there; but on the following day some of those around him perceived a considerable depression; and on the next a physician was summoned, who at once took a most discouraging view of the case. Notwithstanding his great uneasiness from weakness and exhaustion, he was remarkably calm. On the last night of his life it might be said that an unusual covering of peace was over him. His tenderness to those around was unspeakable. "It is peace, be still," he often repeated; and when again and again disturbed by the distressing sickness, he very sweetly said: "We must pray for a con-

tinuance of our 'peace, be still.'" And truly it was as though the Saviour himself were present in the swelling flood; for the calm was not of earth in that dying chamber.

His favourite hymn may well describe the foundation of this peace on the solemn threshold of eternity. It was one on which throughout his illness he had dwelt with especial comfort, as descriptive of his feelings:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because thy promise I believe,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!"

And he was going to meet the Saviour just in the spirit which the Saviour would recognise and welcome; *just* as he was, with the prayer of the publican on his lips, and no plea before his God but that of Jesus and his merits. And with this trust, this simple child-like faith in entering the valley, it mattered little that the dying bed was in a foreign land, and that the spirit was to take its flight, not from the beloved Ham House home, but in the midst of a large hotel, in a great foreign

metropolis. He once said distinctly: "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;" and again he uttered his frequent expression: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He was much tried at times by the sense of illness and exhaustion, and earnestly craved patience; saying, with deep submission of spirit: "O Lord! let thy will be done, notwithstanding my impatience." The end was come: and with the Everlasting Arms underneath, and many of the children whom he loved gathered around his bed, and faithful servants watching for the last breath with fervent prayers, he entered into rest at a quarter before six, on the 5th of June, 1856.

The rough passage was passed, the eternal haven was gained, and there was peace on the shore beyond. It was not permitted him to reach his beloved earthly home. He who is infinite in wisdom saw fit to arrest his course and to remove his servant to a better home—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

CHAPTER X.

FUNERAL AT BARKING—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Mr. Gurney's desire to be laid beside those he loved, and especially that his remains might rest with those of the faithful companion of forty-six years of his life's pilgrimage, was fulfilled. His grave is in the quiet cemetery belonging to the Society of Friends at Barking, and thither was he followed by "devout men with great lamentation." A letter from Miss Fry of Plashet to some absent friends so well describes this memorable occasion, that it is with few omissions inserted.

"Plashet Cottage, Thursday, June 19th, 1856.

"My dear ———

"Having been so far removed from us all on occasion of our beloved uncle Gurney's funeral,—a memorable occasion it was,—I shall endeavour to describe to you, as minutely as I can, what came under my own observation. It was, in prospect, a somewhat formidable affair, from the anticipation of great numbers; not only the very large family circle, including the ladies and many of the children, but the neighbourhood; a public meeting having been held at Stratford, at which the vicar presided, to arrange for a large official attendance of the tradesmen and parishioners, of which the arrangements were left to

the churchwardens, &c. This gratifying expression of sympathy our cousins resolved to accept. Our dear uncle was attached to his neighbours: he was so friendly, so hearty, so open to them all, that one could not wish to exclude those sincere mourners on this the last event of his life. . . . . .

"We found, on our arrival at the house, that a great many carriages were drawn up on the grass in the park. Being a little late, we were immediately shown into the dining-room; in the centre of which was the coffin; around the room in double, triple, quadruple rows sat a very large assembly, in profound silence. The darkened light, the solemnity of heartfelt grief spread over the whole was very impressive. The little rustle of our entrance over, the silence again prevailed; no sound but occasionally that of suppressed weeping. The words of Scripture came powerfully to my mind as descriptive of the state of that company:—'I was dumb with silence, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.' After awhile the very text was quoted by one of the company, and we had some valuable Friends' ministry. The family—his children I mean—then withdrew up stairs, and refreshments were provided in the drawing-room. The carriages soon came round, and we began to get in. The park seemed full of them, and the drive was bordered on both sides by detachments of the National, British, and other schools of the parish. On turning out of the gate we saw the lane full of people, many in mourning, and many a tearful eye and quivering lip was among those poor women; but the singular sight was a long file of carriages extending half-way down the road to East Ham. There were, we afterwards heard, thirty-eight of them; they contained the clergy, dissenting ministers, parish authorities, and principal inhabitants of West Ham and Stratford, and were preceded by a procession of working

men on foot. All these moved on before the hearse: when it moved they moved, when it rested they stood still. Those at the last never saw the beginning, those at the beginning never saw the last; it seemed one interminable line of carriages (eighty-eight in all), of which the hearse was about the middle. And *what* a man lay within it, whom we all were there assembled to carry to his grave; and in grief and in love and honour we did it, children, grandchildren, relations, friends, dependants, neighbours. There was no official, *anonymous* attendance; it was heartfelt participation in the interest of the occasion and in the sorrow of so great a loss.

"At length this long procession reached Barking, where all crowding and pressure were prevented by previous careful arrangements. The West Ham deputation stood on one side, on a sort of platform, and near the grave many gentlemen (I believe the clergymen, &c.) lined the sides of the path. There were twelve clergymen of the Church of England there. Of the concourse present I can give no idea of numbers, whether hundreds or thousands. It was indescribably quiet, solemn, and well-conducted. The Friend ministers also had a sort of little platform, forming one side of a large square round the grave, which answered well. After prayer and exhortation from some of the Friends present, we returned to our carriages. All our dear uncle's children were there except Edward and Catherine Buxton, still abroad.

"It was a very solemn day—one in which, I trust, we were in degree elevated above the grave, — one in which also the memory of the just was held in remembrance; his great, his good qualities, and withal his humility. One of his dying expressions was dwelt on, that he could get no further than the Publican in saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"We may almost say that Sunday was a continuance

of the funeral service; at Plaistow meeting was a very large attendance of Friends and the family. The ministry of J. H. on our individual responsibility was truly edifying, rousing, and encouraging. The text was, 'I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.'—John iv. 38. He recalled the circumstances of the world,—our English world,—fifty years ago; and the work of the first labourers, who held the plough with strong arms, broke up the hard clods of prejudice and ignorance, and sowed the seeds that our more feeble hands now reap. He named the Bible Society, Negro Slavery, Schools, Prison Discipline, Capital Punishments, &c.; and then he urged us all to faithfulness and Christian perseverance, even with the sickle; and then it was his belief that some would be found fitted again to take the plough and break up fresh soil, and open fresh fields for labour. A German Friend, B. S., dwelt more on the heavenly inheritance, both as it was possessed by the redeemed departed ones before the throne, and as it was to be hoped for, and striven after, by those who are still pilgrims on the earth.

"All the churches and chapels in the parish were hung with black, and funeral sermons at all of them, with very crowded attendance, and each person says that he thinks the one he heard was the most interesting.

"Yours most affectionately,

"Katherine Fry.

"This letter conveys no idea of the deep affliction of our hearts, and the loss altogether; that is beyond words.

"To Mrs. Cresswell, Genéve."

Shortly after the funeral, the following address was presented by the clergy and parishioners of West

Ham to the family; the deputation being headed by the Rev. A. J. Ram, the vicar:—

"The undersigned inhabitants of the parish of West Ham hereby respectfully offer to the family of the late Samuel Gurney, Esq., the expression of their sincere sympathy and condolence, on occasion of the lamented decease of one who had occupied so prominent a position among the benefactors of mankind.

"They cannot forget on the present occasion that their departed friend belonged to a family whose history has been long associated with deeds of enlightened piety and active benevolence: the names of Elizabeth Fry and Joseph John Gurney have left an imperishable record of indefatigable exertion and successful effort amid the abodes of ignorance, misery, and crime. To the tablet of grateful remembrance must now be added the name of Samuel Gurney, their beloved brother, whose life, like theirs, was devoted to 'works of faith, and labours of love,' and who with them, we trust, 'through faith and patience, now inherits the promises.'

"Distinguished in life by high position in the commercial world, blessed with abundant wealth, and actuated by the noble motive of Christian principle, his sympathies were elicited by every form of human suffering, and his munificent charities gained for him a world-wide reputation, they extended through the whole range of physical and moral evil: alike open-hearted and open-handed to all who needed his assistance—to his generous support of numerous public institutions, as Bible societies, schools, and hospitals, may be added the incalculable amount of private benefactions recorded only in the hearts of their recipients, by a grateful sense of his worth, and deep regrets at his death.

"Borne to his grave amid the tears of his sorrowing

family, and the sincere regard of all classes of the parishioners who then assembled to do honour to his memory, their beloved friend and generous benefactor is no more seen in the midst of them! All that remains is to leave in the bosom of his family this memorial of esteem for the character and virtues of the departed, and this expression of sympathy with his mourning relatives, encouraged by the gracious assurance that 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'"

Signed by all the Clergy of West Ham and Stratford, and upwards of four hundred of the principal parishioners.

To this address a reply was returned by the family, followed by some appropriate remarks by Sir Edward North Buxton.

The scene of this presentation was a touching one. A truly appropriate comment on the close of such a life; a spontaneous, and therefore a most valuable, testimony to the estimation in which those who knew him well as a neighbour, and honoured him as a patriarch in their midst, held the memory of Mr. Gurney. It was not a mere formal expression of condolence, nor a document of adulation; but a genuine manifestation of sympathy in a bereavement which affected all classes of the community with one common sense of sorrow and of loss.

In conclusion, there is one thought which must suggest itself to the reader in the contemplation of this character, however feebly portrayed in the foregoing sketch:—the insufficiency of all things apart

from the Gospel to sustain in the hour of trial and conflict; to comfort in the prospect of death. Wealth, station, influence, the solace of filial love and heart-devotion, the remembrance of past acts of benevolence and efforts in the cause of philanthropy, could not have cheered the failing spirit in the evening shadows, or ministered to his aid on the solemn entrance into the dark valley. One thing was found to be needful then; faith and dependence on the work of the Saviour, and on that only—and to such dependence we must all be brought, if we would realize the peace which rested on his death-bed—the peace of God, which passeth understanding.

One or two quotations from letters, &c., bearing on different parts of Mr. Gurney's character, and an extract of some importance from the "Annual Monitor," a periodical published by the Society of Friends, will close these memoranda of the life of Mr. Gurney.

Of his own letters but few remain. He was not a writer, nor was he in the practice of keeping a journal. He was by no means free in the expression of his sentiments on religious subjects; and on this feature of his character a friend remarks:—

"He was deeply imbued with a sense of his own unworthiness; humble, and conscious of his infirmities. His religious impressions were never acknowledged in a manner that could savour of self-righteousness; on the contrary, if at all manifested, they bespoke an abased and

reverential sense of unfitness to speak of the things of God; yet he was constrained at times, by his love to the cause of Christ, to make instructive confession to his name."

A member of the Society of Friends, and one intimately acquainted with Mr. Gurney's character, gives this testimony, which we quote from his pen:—

"In the integrity of his heart he thought and acted and accomplished; and it was in the daily exercise of the faculties which God had bestowed upon him, and the upright fulfilment of those duties which each day brought to his hand, that he was upheld and rode the storms of life. That which his hand found to do, he did with his might. . . . . As his means enlarged, so did his heart also; his sphere became not only one of important active benevolence, but of very powerful influence in the commercial world. Let none say in his heart that such a chance rarely befals a man, and that he was a favourite of Heaven; but let such look at the outset in life of Samuel Gurney, and judge whether the high position which he attained was not rather a consequence of the purity of the standard which he upheld, than the result of any fortuitous arrangement of circumstances: let him consider, if he still stand on the threshold of life, whether the example of such a man does not preach a louder sermon than words.

"Those who knew him intimately could best appreciate the full and varied worth of his character. A noble simplicity stamped it, and there was the full cultivation of every faculty and feeling, the power to grasp and to simplify questions of the heaviest responsibility, and to meet with the tenderest pity and sympathy the trials of those around him. His children can best testify

to the fulness of the tide of domestic affection, which flowed throughout his house. There he basked in a perpetual sunshine, and there he rested and renewed his strength for the toils of the morrow. Servants and dependents looked up to him as their father; they fervently loved and deeply lamented him. Surely the removal of such a man from the world is a public, no less than a private loss. We may look back with thankfulness on his career; but where shall we find another to fill his vacant place?"

His kindness and gentleness to inferiors and dependents was remarkable, and the following anecdote, related by an eye-witness, is a pleasing illustration of this trait of character:—

"In 1854, a poor widow whom he almost supported, lost her only child: he attended the funeral, as he thought it would comfort her. It was a pouring wet day; and after the interment, seeing the widow's cloak wet, he went up to her, untied it himself, shook it, held it to the fire, and then tied it on again." The writer adds, "if he had been waiting on the Queen he could not have done it more courteously."

FROM A CLERGYMAN.

"My thoughts, as I preached from Luke xv. this morning, ever turned to *him;* as in his character I seemed to see that bearing and forbearing, that active and seeking love which our Heavenly Father has to us. . . . . To bear and forbear, to subject all his actions and decisions to the severest scrutiny as before his God, and ever to be thinking of, and carrying out, some act of kindness and generosity, seem to me to have been the most striking traits of his loveable character."

FROM THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM.

"There was such *bonhomie* in his deeds of kindness towards all, especially towards children, that they felt his friendship and remembered his beneficence. Shewing mercy with cheerfulness was one of his characteristics."

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

"Charlottenburg, June 10th, 1856.

"My dear S——,

"I address these lines of heartfelt sympathy and condolence to you; but all you and yours have suffered an irreparable loss, as we have all, and so have the poor and afflicted. We shall never see his like again. He, as well as his departed brother and his sisters, were the ornaments of a generation now descending into the grave. Peculiar circumstances of the national and Christian mind and of the Society of Friends had given them a peculiar position. This he filled with that colossal common sense and right-mindedness which constitute the real genius, and often command fickle fortune.

"If the merchants of England may be called, like those of Tyre in the Bible—*princes*, he was without doubt the prince of merchants; and why? Because he was *more* than a merchant: he was a complete and sincere Christian. I know nothing more striking than the juxtaposition of his last weeks and days and poor ——'s living death; who, for his idolatry of money, has been visited by the delusion that he is a beggar, and must be paid nine shillings every Saturday to be sure of his reception in the workhouse. And still what an eminent man —— was in business. But your dear father had not his heart where his earthly treasure was. It was with his God and with humanity, and

in particular with his suffering brethren. Upton and you all will be blessed for the good which has been concentrated there for so many years. The death-blow was struck long ago, and we must therefore be thankful for his relief from agonizing pain.

"His blessed spirit will rejoice now only in one thing, —in seeing those whom he loved so tenderly, and for whom he cared so quite as a father, united in the bonds of Christian love and affection.

"Your affectionate uncle and friend,

"Bunsen."

APPENDIX.

The following is extracted from the "Annual Monitor," a Periodical Obituary of Members of the Society of Friends:—

"The death of Samuel Gurney has been felt as a serious loss by a large circle of relations and friends, both within and beyond the limits of our religious Society. He was born at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, in the year 1787, but early settled in London as a Bill-broker, in which business he remained until the close of life.

"By his uprightness in his pecuniary transactions, and by his Christian consistency as a Friend, combined with frank and affable manners and a generous disposition, he rose to a position of considerable influence among his fellow-citizens; yet through life he rather shunned than desired those appointments in civil society which were placed within his reach. His mind was early brought under the power of Divine grace, and he became, from conviction, conscientiously attached to the Christian principles and testimonies which distinguish our religious Society. He valued our Christian discipline, and was a very useful member in the exercise and right maintenance of it, willingly yielding his time and his talents to the service of the Church. His judgment on questions of importance was sound—the result of independent consideration. He endeavoured with kindness, faithfulness, and impartiality, to discharge the duty of an Overseer, an office which he held in his

own Monthly Meeting for many years. He was also in the station of an Elder in the Church; and whilst often, to his own humiliation, apprehending that he was little qualified for such an appointment, he was desirous to be helped of the Lord to occupy the post aright. He extended sympathy, encouragement, or counsel, towards those engaged in the ministry of the Gospel, often treating with marked tenderness and respect those of this class amongst us who had but little of this world's goods, or but few advantages as to literary education. And we believe it is not unsuitable on this occasion to add, that he manifested strong Christian sympathy, as an Elder and a true helper, to his sister Elizabeth Fry, and his brother Joseph John Gurney, highly honouring their gifts and calling, not as of themselves, or in which any could glory, but as freely conferred by Him who qualifieth for service according to the purposes of his own will.

"Samuel Gurney partook largely of worldly prosperity; he had a numerous family, and sought to train them in the fear of the Lord; and whilst enjoying life, it was with an earnest desire that this might be with a continual reference to the Author of all his blessings. He became a rich man, and we believe that it may be said he sought to fulfil the injunction of the Psalmist, "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." He was given to hospitality, and liberal to the poor. He had a pleasure in giving, and did it privately and unostentatiously, to many in straitened circumstances, to whom he thought such gifts would be peculiarly acceptable. His kindness in this respect was often exercised to his fellow-members, and it would be an omission not to acknowledge his liberality to Ackworth School, to which institution he held the office of treasurer for upwards of forty years, and in the moral and religious

welfare of which he ever cherished a warm Christian interest. But his benevolence was by no means confined within the limits of our own Society. Being blessed with a largeness of heart in no small degree commensurate with his ample means, his mind was ever open to sympathize with the distressed of every name, and to the wretched and the outcasts of society he often proved a kind and liberal helper. Writing to a friend, expressing his willingness to assist a young man who was about to be released from the term of punishment which his misconduct had brought upon him, he characteristically says, 'My feelings yesterday were a good deal touched by the case of ——. I cannot but have a good hope about him, if a favourable position be found for him. I am afraid of sending him abroad into the wide world, but should much prefer a guarded situation in England, in which he might have an opportunity of re-establishing his character. And why should he not? If such a soul can be saved from ruin—what a blessed result! *I sometimes think what many of us would have been under similar temptations!*' Such was the disposition which, through Divine grace, had become, it may be said, habitual, with our beloved friend. Large were the allowances which he was accustomed to make for others, 'considering' himself, according to the apostolic precept, 'that he also was tempted.' And whilst firm against the transgression, he was ever ready to make the way open for the returning prodigal. It was not, however, only with money that he helped others: his extensive knowledge of commercial matters, the integrity of his principles, and his readiness to sympathize with those in trouble, led others to consult him in their difficulties. He patiently listened to them, and willingly assisted them by his counsel and experience.

"With others of a generation now passing away, and

of whom but few survive, he took a warm interest in the termination of the African slave-trade and of British Colonial slavery—indeed of slavery everywhere—uniting in measures for the carrying out of these objects by his money, his judgment, and his personal exertions with those in power.

"Brief and imperfect as the present sketch must necessarily be, it would not be right here to omit to notice his habitual reverence in regard to Divine things. He never permitted himself to talk of them lightly. The words of the Lord were to him precious; and very seriously did he feel their sacred obligation. His manner of reading the Holy Scriptures in his family circle was peculiarly impressive; and not less so, the often deep solemnity of the lengthened period of silence afterwards, as well as of the pause for silent waiting both before and after meals, giving striking evidence that what he sought for was something beyond the mere practice of that which is approved—not merely silence, but worship,—even the worship of the Father, 'in spirit and in truth.' He loved the simplicity, freedom, and spirituality of the manner of worship which distinguishes Friends, often saying that nothing was to him like 'a good Meeting.' But he was strongly impressed with the conviction of the necessity of an earnest exercise of soul in this important duty. 'The worship of God,' to use his own words in conversation with a friend, 'is not, in my view, to be found in a state of indolence. I look upon it as man's highest privilege, and as demanding for its right performance the diligent exercise, in deep submission to the work of the Holy Spirit, of the very highest faculties of the soul.'

"Before he had much withdrawn from public life, his beloved wife, who had for forty-six years been the faithful sharer in his cares and duties, became seriously ill. Her

illness was protracted. His anxious care and affectionate watching over her affected his own health. This was further enfeebled by the cares of business necessarily connected with the house of which he was a partner.

"In the autumn of last year he went with some of his family to Nice, on the shores of the Mediterranean. His mind had become remarkably detached from the busy scenes of life. He felt that the time was come for him to leave those things, and to withdraw from those duties which, as a Christian and a citizen, had for so many years occupied his thoughts and his time, and the performance of which had been to him not only a duty but a pleasure.

"It was hoped that the genial climate of that latitude would be restorative of his health. This, however, he never fully calculated upon. Whilst feeling that he had been but an unprofitable servant, he was enabled to commit himself as into the hands of a faithful Creator. The journey was accomplished without much difficulty, and he and his companions arrived at Nice towards the end of the Eleventh Month. He spent several months there. The retreat was grateful to him. He often said that the words of the publican were those which he could appropriate to himself with the most comfort,—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Thus humble, he was preserved in much peace amid the sinkings of nature, and the trials arising from physical depression and from bodily suffering. His trust had long been in Christ as his Saviour; and this trust remained with him to the end. He retained an unshaken attachment to the religious body which had long been dear to him, and, whenever he was equal to it, he enjoyed on First-days the holding of a little meeting for the worship of God after the simple manner of Friends, with his own family, a few friends, and some of his near relatives then in the

neighbourhood; and he felt them to be hours of spiritual refreshment. On one of these occasions, he expressed the comfort it was to him thus to have his friends with him, and hoped that He who promised to be with the two or three would be with them, and that they might know something of being refreshed together in his presence. It was a solemn meeting, and they truly felt this to be the case. At another time he said to one of his relatives on leaving her, 'I am feeble to-day both in body and mind—favoured to be generally peaceful, but not abounding—no great things to boast of.' His humility was strikingly characteristic, not liking to appropriate a word to himself which was beyond his own experience; at the same time the atmosphere around him was that of peace and love, and it was evident that his mind was centred in the Lord.

"They tarried at Nice until the spring had made some advance, and then left for England, hoping that they should be favoured to return home. But He, who is perfect in wisdom and in love, saw meet to order otherwise. They arrived in Paris in the early part of the Sixth Month. Our beloved friend was much more unwell the latter part of the journey thither: he became seriously ill soon after they reached the hotel; and in the course of a very few days peacefully expired in the seventieth year of his age.

"He left nine children, and upwards of forty grandchildren; but his eldest son, John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, did not long survive him. He died on the 23rd of Ninth Month, aged forty-seven years."

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